

THE ROUND TABLE.

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THE FOUNTAIN.

WITHIN the soft clasp of two greeting hills
Lay a fair meadow full of verdant rest,
And this clear fountain ever bubbled up,
In faintest music, from its emerald breast.

But, when sad autumn chilled the shrinking leaves,
The wanton wind oft with a gusty mirth
Would smite them from the unresisting bough,
And catch them nimbly ere they swooned to earth,

And fling them in the fountain, leaf by leaf,
Till all the pool was sodden. Thus, one day,
Two loiterers found it, and, in sweet accord,
With loving labor cleared the leaves away.

Then, sitting by the margin hand in hand,
"Be this," they said, "our care from year to year,
Long as we live and love, in sweet accord,
To keep the fountain's mirror always clear.

"And we will have a snowy marble urn
Hewn quaintly, with the image of a dove,
And the soft music of the fount shall flow
From its white throat, long as we live and love.

"And, deftly hidden, we will ever keep
A crystal goblet by the fountain's brink—
A clear cut crystal, from whose sacred rim
Never, save ours, shall lips of mortal drink."

So, hand in hand, they went. But one there was,
Unknown of these, who heard: with sudden whim
He gathered once again the sodden leaves,
And filled the bubbling fountain to the brim.

He, too, departed; but in after days
Oft to that hill-clasped meadow did return,
And marked the fountain ever choked with leaves;
Nor ever goblet found, nor carven urn!

GASTRONOMIC VIEWS OF NATURE.

NATURAL scenery produces widely different impressions upon minds differently constituted or differently trained. "High mountains are a feeling," says the poet. To railroad projectors they are nuisances of the highest grade. The practical farmer, casting his eyes over a level common, longs to inclose it with a ring fence and lay it down in wheat; the jockey thinks it would make an admirable race-course. Seeing a torrent leaping down a rocky gorge, the artist resolves to transfer its foamy tumult to his canvas; the miller is struck with its adaptability to the driving of "overshots" or "undershots," and calculates how many pairs of French burrs might be kept whirling by the splendid water privilege. The agricultural chemist analyzes the soil of a barren tract and proffers a prescription to make it arable; but the youthful sportsman protests against any disturbance of the broomsedge and bushes among which he shoots his quail and rabbits.

The gastronome, too, has his especial stand-point, from which he takes a genial and jovial view of the works of nature. In his mental constitution the philosophical and the sensuous are happily blended. As a means of heightening human enjoyment, he respects science. He finds it convenient to know something of ornithology, for among edible fowl there are as many varieties of flavor as of shape and plumage. Wide, for instance, is the gastronomic distinction between the round-breasted Chittagong pullet and that gallinaceous Anak the Shanghai. Meet is it also that he have some acquaintance with quadrupedal anatomy, or how shall he select his joints understandingly? Incredible as it may seem to thee, epicurean reader, bearded Christian men, fathers of families, have been known to purchase breasts of veal for the sake of the kidneys, also loins in order to secure the sweetbreads; and otherwise rational and estimable citizens not unfrequently, in their chronic ignorance of comparative physiology, mistake ewe for wether legs of mutton, or carry home from market suppository capons that turn out at table to be venerable sultans of the barnyard! The *bon vivant* for his safety's sake should have at least a slight knowledge of botany, for there be poisonous plants not

unlike the crisp and pungent water-cress and deadly fungi that closely resemble the mushroom and the truffle.

In his appreciation of the picturesque the intelligent gastronome yields neither to the poet nor the painter. He is brimful of sensuous poesy. Sheep and cattle dotted pastures, game-haunted woods and prairies, vine-clad hills, the fishy rivers, lakes, and seas, are to him sources of peculiar and delightful emotions. Alimentiveness gives Imagination her cue. No pastoral divinities, no fauns, no naiads, no tritons, people for him the cultured fields, the wilderness, the waters. They seem to his enlarged and grateful mind a magnificent commissariat organized by Providence for the delectation of accomplished aristologists. Is not that a grander conception of the uses and purposes of nature than is to be found in classic song with all its myths and moonshine? The idea should be turned to savory account by some builder of "the lofty rhyme." It is really time that the civilized and Christianized world should abjure the absurd fantasies of the Greek mythology and demand from genius an order of poetry suited to the tastes, appetites, and exigences of an age of refined realism. Fancies that are an outrage upon the possible touch not the feelings of the nineteenth century.

No poetaster can persuade us that there are hamadryads in the Adirondacks, but we know there are noble bucks in their forest glades; and, thinking of them, our Ideality roves from cover to dish, and the savor of the fat haunch and of the vinous and pulpy gravy with which the epicurean elect magnify its natural excellence, seems to titillate our olfactorys and stir the gastric well-springs of our inner man. Could we evoke a vision of a dumpy Bacchus and his span of sleepy leopards in the Metternich vineyards? No; gazing on the pendent clusters, we should wander in thought through the vast crypts where the soul of the Rhenish grape lies under seal, awaiting in the ripening gloom a convivial resurrection. Why personify the sea as a horse-marine deity, when we can view it in a more fascinating aspect as the "procreant cradle" of the delicious lobster, the provocative oyster, the unctuous turtle, the delicate smelt, the richly-flavored shad, the banquet-crowning salmon. It seems to us that the bard must be but meagerly endowed with the "divine afflatus" who cannot extract more poetry from these rare gifts of considerate Heaven, than from your lubberly sea-gods. Under the old Hebrew dispensation, the incense of the roasted "firstlings of the flock" was acceptable to the Great Purveyor. Why acceptable? Was it not because the profoundness of the creature's gratitude was manifested in the preciousness of the sacrifice he offered to the Creator?

There are people, it is said, too ethereal to care about what they eat and drink. Spirit-fed on impalpable ambrosia, it is the same to them whether they live on "chums" or cates. We regard such elevated natures with wonder and awe, but do not envy them. Being ourselves a compound machine, with a tolerably heavy ballast of sensuousness to steady the studding sails and sky-scrappers of imagination, we confess to a tender affection for well-cooked delicacies. They seem, indeed, to invigorate whatever of poetic sentiment may be included in our composition, and by way of *quid pro quo* we sometimes employ the said sentiment, be the same more or less, in chanting their praises. The fact is that unless the corporeal part of us is well fed our brain gets affronted and strikes work, and we endeavor to keep it in a good humor by a temperate use of the best the markets afford. We say the *temperate* use, for in gluttonous repelition there is no enjoyment. The indiscriminating whale, we are told, swallows at a gulp more shrimps than would be required to make shrimp sauce for the universe, and the hyena is such an unappeasable feeder that, other provender being unattainable, he is said to forage upon himself. Man, however, has reason and taste for his guides, and, being the "paragon of animals," should scorn to stuff and guzzle like a beast. Without moderation in the pleasures of the table there can be no enjoyment which deserves the name of epicurean. Sir William Temple was as fond of the luxuries of life as most men, yet he waxed eloquent on the subject of temperance, calling it "that virtue without pride and for-

tune without envy which gives health of body with tranquillity of mind, the best guardian of youth and support of old age." To this sensible dictum the thoughtful will say amen and amen, for he well understands that of gormandizing comes dyspepsia, and that "every inordinate cup is unblest and each ingredient a devil." J. B.

A NEW FAUST.

WE took occasion recently to refer to the coming translation of Dante which scholars, if not the commonalty, were anxiously awaiting from Mr. Longfellow, and gave our opinion that even that poet's exquisite skill might not avail to make such a poem as the "Divine Comedy" popular in our vernacular. The Miltonic cadence of Mr. Cary's version, despite its inadequacies, being something attractive to our English ears, has continued to make it the most read of any, and it remains to be seen whether in a popular sense that supremacy is to be disputed. A great popularity with the mass is not Dante's fortune, even in Italy; and the twenty-one (and, perhaps, more) English versions that it has received, either entirely or in considerable parts, are testimony rather to a scholarly consideration than a general one.

It has been reported—and correctly, we understand—that what has been by common consent pronounced the greatest poem of our modern day has fallen to the charge of another of our poets, who is doubtless inspired by the same hope that sustains Mr. Longfellow—that of linking his name in the future with that of a great genius, as the best expounder of his thought and exemplar of his literary culture.

Mr. Bayard Taylor is at work on a metrical version of the "Faust" of Goethe, and, as nearly as we can reckon (though probably some have escaped us), he is the seventeenth who has undertaken this thing, either in the whole or in one of its chief divisions, during the last forty-five years. It is to be presumed that he is aiming either to do it better than any of his predecessors, or else he thinks he has discovered a new "stand-point," as his German friends are fond of calling any opportune means by which they can with decent pretext meddle with an old subject. The novel scheme in Mr. Taylor's case seems to be the preservation of the ever-changing rhythm and variable rhyme of the original. The idea, as regards "Faust" itself, is not indeed new; but Mr. Brooks's version (not to mention other partial attempts), which was published ten years since, good as it was and professing to attain this end, failed in this last particular throughout; and under his trammels its author did not prove himself so dexterous a metrist as we believe Mr. Taylor to be. We think, then, the field is a clear one; and success in it capable of greater popularity than is likely to follow even so masterly a transmutative process as Mr. Longfellow's. There is that in Goethe's poem that attracts the common mind not indeed like Schiller, but somewhat as Shakespeare does. Mr. Lewes has pointed out how there are in "Faust" just the same qualities that make "Hamlet," so thronged after at the play-house and so thumbed in the book, as John Kemble said he always found it to be in every copy of the plays he ever saw, above any of the others. These qualities are given as that of sublimity, which is popularly felt when not comprehended; and that of dramatic variety, which ever allures.

Granted, then, that a successful version of "Faust" can be popular according to the gauge in such things, the question arises whether the system that Mr. Taylor intends to follow is the best road to that success, either for the comprehension of the multitude or the delight of the scholar. We will allow also that Goethe is one of the greatest masters of meter, and that in his hands it is never an accident, but the butterfly that gives the grub beauty and locomotion, and that it is very often in the mere tone of the words that half the exquisite effect of "Faust" is produced; but however desirable it may be to preserve this quality, the question recurs, if a strict accordance with the metrical changes of the original is to effect this?

Let us illustrate it with a point. The song that Margery sings at the spinning-wheel is almost matchless for its sweet, plaintive tone, while its train of thought is commonplace in the extreme, and de-

tached from the melody of the original text, as it is in Mr. Hayward's prose version, it is unattractive, and so far wrongs the original, which is eminently attractive. Mr. Brooks has, in a measure, counter-parted the scanning of the German; but the lines being short, and the rhymes frequent, his skill was not sufficient to do so accurately, and, even to the extent he has, we have such English as this:

"My wretched brain
Has lost its wits,
My wretched sense
Is all in bits;"

introduced, almost with the air of burlesque, in the hope to do justice to one of the most plaintively melodious pieces of word-witchery in all languages. And it all comes of the attempt to use with precision the same sequence of ideas in the same meter. The jointure were, of course, desirable, and doubtless Mr. Taylor's practiced skill can overcome difficulties that Mr. Brooks could not; but still we think Mr. Taylor would reason more wisely in the fashion following:

There are some writings in which the thought is all; some in which the thought and the garb of the thought are mutually dependent; and some in which the thought—except in a very general acceptation—is of little account beside the garb. Goethe, of all poets, is an adept in this mere alchemy of words, and this song of Margery's is one of his best examples. Therefore the tone of the piece is of more importance than the matter; and if the tone cannot be preserved with the matter, the meaning—reserving only the scope with as much of the particulars as possible—must be sacrificed to the tone. We may be pardoned for attempting to illustrate our point ourselves:

My peace is gone,
My heart is sore;
I'm lone and wan
For evermore!

Where he is not
Is like the tomb;
Ah, bitter the lot
Where all is gloom.

Oh, my poor head,
It wanders so;
My senses fled—
All, all is woe.

My peace is gone;
My heart is sore;
I'm lone and wan
For evermore!

I stand at the blind
His coming to greet;
And him to find
I search the street.

His shape, how grand!
His step so high
That mouth e'er bland!
That winsome eye!

His speech takes form
Of witching bliss;
His hand how warm;
And ah! his kiss.

My peace is gone;
My heart is sore;
I'm lone and wan
For evermore!

My bosom doth burn
His heart to hold;
For ever I yearn
His form to enfold.

'Twere heaven, I wis,
My head to lay
Where on his kiss
I could pass away.

We offer this as an attempt at giving something of the tone of the original, which, though it does not slavishly counterpart its metrical changes, still preserves its effect; and though it does not translate in every line the original's phrase, still does not wrong it. And these concessions we deem are necessary, even with better metrists than ourselves; and should be made unhesitatingly when tone is of more account than matter, as is not unfrequently the case in "Faust." This, then, is one of the cases where we think Mr. Taylor will fail of popularity and choicer estimation, in persistently adhering to such a rule. He will lose in popularity because the mass is always partial to the mere musical effect of verse, and the judicious know its artistic value to be paramount in certain contingencies.

Again, the same meter will have different associ-

ations in different languages, and accordingly produce another effect in the version from that of the original. Bulwer recognized this when he discarded exact counterparts in his translations from Schiller, and substituted what seemed to him the correlative meter to the English ear. As a good instance of associative influence, we might cite Mr. Marsh's objection to Mr. Newman's peculiar ballad measure which he gave to his Homer, that it at once recalled the jingle of "Yankee Doodle," which is fatal, of course, to any Homeric effect. This goes beyond the associative differences of two languages; it is that of two nations of one language. We will not stop to enlarge upon this point, but pass to another.

The German is a greater-syllabled tongue than the English, and it is reckoned that a German version of an English page will overrun its space by one-quarter or one-third, owing to this. It is also more abounding in dactyls, and, consequently, in double rhymes, which are constantly recurring in "Faust." Accordingly, an exact metrical counterpart will necessitate a cramming of words that is not likely to be musical, and compel an unpleasant resort to participial endings to mate the final dactyls; and as the Romance part of our tongue is stronger in these words than the Saxon, it will give an undue prominence to that weaker element. Somebody has said that a translation is a mirror which distorts the reflection of the original according to its own imperfections, and we think we have shown where Mr. Taylor's version of "Faust" is likely to be at fault from the blemishes of his system.

VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ.

DISRAELI quotes Pliny as saying that the practice of comic verse-writing has not infrequently brought as much and perhaps as lasting credit as things of a more serious nature; and the critic instances the names of Horace and Anacreon among the ancients, points out the wealth of the French in this department, and cites of the elder school of the English poets the efforts of Waller and the varied effusions of Prior. It is usually poetry of this kind that the old longest remember as the favorites of their youth. It is not, perhaps, so indelibly stamped upon our literary character, as peoples, as what is of a far higher order; but in individual preferences the recollections of old men are rich in its traces. Mr. Bartlett, for instance, in his "Familiar Quotations," does not credit either Præd or Saxe—the two best examples of it, probably, among the moderns on both sides of the ocean—with a single household phrase; yet there are things of Saxe's clinging to everybody's memory, and not a few of the happy turns of Præd could easily be elicited in an evening's intercourse of the cultured among us. Their pat phraseology, clinched, it may be, with a surprise, if not with a pun, sticks closely in the ear, when the language of a larger thought vanishes in a mere impression of the mind.

Leigh Hunt in his pleasant little cabinet pictures, where he calls up to us the portrait of an "Old Gentleman," puts among the few books that filled his shelves "The Poetical Amusements at Bath-Easton." Few at this day, unless they are familiar with the lesser literature of the last century in England, have any knowledge of the once famous *séances* at the fat Lady Miller's Parnassian villa, near a hundred years ago. Then took place the very apotheosis of the fashionable muse, and she was a very different kind of a goddess from what was dusting with her feathered tiara the gorgeous hangings of Mrs. Montague's drawing-room at Portman Square, much about the same time.

Prior and the others were well-nigh forgot when Anstey came out with his "New Bath Guide." Bath literature thereupon grew as giddy as its life at the Pump-room. Family scandal ran into farces for Sam Foote's behoof and the town's impertinent curiosity; and a certain plump, mock-important Lady Miller set up a court of the muses, to save the profuse outpourings. What that old vase, dug up somewhere in Italy and brought to Bath-Easton to be the receptacle of so much bad verse, received, it were useless to dwell long upon. Anstey dribbled and disappointed the expectation from the fresh surprise of his "Guide." Anna Seward could not get out of platitudes, if she

would. Hayley was half-dead, as ever. Lords and ladies puzzled their silly noddles over *bout-rymés* by the score. Garrick was about the only one who threw the least particle of wit into the affair, and he was shy of it.

So went on the time. Horace and Anacreon were not to be reproduced under the wand of Calliope Miller, as the lady was christened; and the century went out in consequent darkness. These were but indications of the genuine art in the opening decade of the present era. Byron showed his ability, if he chose but to exercise it; but it was rarely unmixed with grosser, if sometimes with higher, elements. Moore worked a vein with not a little success that smacked of the genuine flavor; his satire was too pungent, however, and wanted more of that kindliness which marks the true *vers de société*.

The field, as Præd found it, although Frere had partly encompassed it, was quite ready for an occupant. Hood had hardly evinced the skill he later shone in. "The Ingoldsby Legends" were not as yet. The new phenomenon appeared at Cambridge, and Mr. Knight has lived to tell the story of it in his own autobiography. Præd was but one of a brilliant circle then grouped by the Cam; and Knight was their Mæcenæas. In the pages of his magazine Præd came forward at the very first with a degree of polished finish that excites surprise, even when we remember the marvels of precocity that English poetry has known. In the few years intervening before his entering upon a parliamentary career, he produced a body of these *poésies légères* so resonant of worldly experience, with sentiment so delicately felt and as delicately expressed, with such a degree of wit and such mastery of rhetoric, that it is the opinion of many he has not been surpassed by any before or since; and the opinion, it seems to us, is well based. Notwithstanding this, from his death, in 1839, down to within two years, the English failed to give him the appreciation of an edition. As long ago as 1846 Mr. Knight had intimated such a plan; but neither Præd's wealthy and aristocratic connections nor the survival of his widow till within three years could insure this tribute earlier. Meanwhile, as is well known, Mr. Griswold collected such as he could identify in 1852, and published this first collection of his poems in New York. It was necessarily imperfect, and the English press, in discovering it, took occasion to lament the want of spirit in their own publishers in allowing the foreigner to get the start. A second American edition followed, and, as late as 1861, "Chambers's Journal," in speaking of the sedulous manner in which the Americans had cherished his productions, decided that he was only known in England as the best of charade writers in verse, and that chiefly on the authority of Sir Walter Scott. Still a third American edition had been produced when the Rev. Derwent Coleridge's edition appeared, in 1864, and this gave occasion, only the other day, for the "British Quarterly Review" to account for the earlier attention of the American public in the fact that Præd was "distantly connected with the Winthrop family, now become patrician in America," a statement foolish in both particulars. We very much doubt if any one but the family circle and their immediate acquaintances knew at all of any remote connection between the two before Mr. Robert C. Winthrop announced it in his life of his ancestor, published two years ago, and the readers of that excellent book cannot have been many, and, moreover, they have come long after Præd's reputation had been established among us.

The same article which we have quoted from the "British Quarterly" groups together in the heading of its review, as outgrowth of Præd's influence, the poems of Frederic Locker, the ballads of Mr. Thackeray, and the productions of Mr. Saxe. In denying Mr. Palgrave's distinction between what he terms "poetry" and this, which he specifically denominates "verse," the reviewer speaks of a "subtle quality which gives permanence to poems like the 'Rape of the Lock' and the 'Everyday Characters'" of Præd, calling it essentially poetic, and asserting that "to understand its power, nothing is necessary except to compare Præd with his imitators—especially the Americans;" which is all the reference he makes to Saxe, and is sweeping enough to cover Dr. Holmes

and sundry other of our moderns who have practiced this kind of verse with no inconsiderable success. We are very willing to admit that there is a flavor in *Praed* which is hard to excel; that Thackeray, with his greater versatility, and Locker, with his greater care, can hardly furnish just the same enjoyment. We may grant that the gracefulness of Halleck, the neatness and appositeness of Holmes, the rollicking fun of Saxe, want something of just the same exuberant pleasure.

There is one poem in Saxe's last volume where he has professedly courted a comparison with his predecessor. The sensation at the basis of both is not an uncommon one, when the poetical in us receives a snub from the practical. It even made Charles Lamb fret in Wordsworth's cottage, and sigh for the shop-windows of Cheapside and the sweet shady side of Pall Mall. It was what Scott felt when, walking once with Lady Scott, he saw some lambs and remarked on their beauty. "Yes," said the wife, "lambs are beautiful—boiled!" We read that Mrs. Wordsworth was once walking in a grove and heard a farmer's wife soliloquizing, "Oh my, I do love stockdoves." The heart of the poet's wife yearned towards that Amaryllis. "But," continued the old woman, "there's be's some what likes 'em in a pie; but for my part, there's nothing like 'em stewed in onions." Horace Smith tells of a city miss who accosted a keeper of sheep in the fields, as she glowed with a desire for an Arcadian concert, "Oh, gentle shepherd, prithee, tell me where's your pipe?" to which the man replied, "I left it to hum, miss, 'cause I hain't got no baccy."

Now this ludicrous want of sympathy with the poetic serves *Praed* a purpose in his "Ball Partner," who, in spite of all the sentiments he could utter and wisdom he could advance, always came back upon the weather:

"But to be linked for life to her!
The desperate man who tried it,
Might marry a barometer
And hang himself beside it."

Saxe turns his point upon the gastronomical propensities of his fair one, who always associated the stomach rather than the head or heart with what came to mind:

"Two years ago—that sad good-bye,
Yet o'er the scene fond memory lingers;
I see the crystals in her eye
And berry-stains upon her fingers!
Ah me! of so much loveliness
It had been sweet to be the winner;
I knew she loved me only less—
The merest fraction—than her dinner;
'Twas hard to lose so fair a prize,
But then (I thought) 'twere vastly harder
To have before my jealous eyes
A constant rival in my larder!"

REVIEWS.

CARICATURE.*

WE have long known Mr. Wright as a painstaking archaeologist, and this is not the first time he has had Mr. Fairholt as a coadjutor. Of all his previous books, his history of the "House of Hanover" was most suggestive of what could be accomplished in a work like the present. The staid title of that work was calculated to deceive, for he utterly eschewed the so-called dignity of history in a way that Macaulay, in his most illustrative moods, might have delighted in. He gave only the ludicrous side of it, tracing out by pasquinade, lampoon, satire, and every other sort of foolery, a commentary in its soberer phases; giving, in fact, such a comment on the political and social phenomena of the times as *Lear* got from his poor fool—not without a good deal of wisdom, at least as much of it as not unfrequently lies in a laugh or sneer. Garrick would not suffer the fool in his delineation of the royal madman, for fear he would disturb the tender pathos of the situation. We have got over that qualmishness, and any who have recently seen the wedded Keans in the respective parts can comprehend how the trustfulness of folly can both enhance and soothe the wretchedness of one deserted by every comforter that owed him allegiance. It is just in this way that we were shown in the "House of Hanover" that the

sober reality of life can be reflected with pointed significance in the running commentary of those who sport the bauble of modern life—the caricaturists of the day. We must know the ludicrous side of existence to comprehend it in its many-sidedness.

The present work is an enlargement of the sphere of its precursor, extending it so as to include all manifestations, of whatever age or clime, which have conducted directly or remotely to the formation of modern comic and satirical literature in the British islands; and following this meaning to the term "history"—that it should represent all the variations in literature, connected with society, with their reciprocal influences. Mr. Wright says he is not aware of any previous book in England devoted to the subject, though he makes mention in the course of his notes of one or two in foreign languages. He does not indeed enter into the philosophy of the subject, but confines himself to a delineation of its outward development. Even this is so multiform that one may not comprehend the variety of phases it assumes until he looks into the subject. Wherever we find *ridicule*, there we trace Mr. Wright at his investigations; and man's love for this sinister process is great enough to render almost every place we may alight upon rich in products for the mining. We may go back to Egypt and find it on the paintings that adorned the tombs. They had the same instinct for introducing a ridiculous incident in a picture of a funeral procession that Hogarth showed in his dog and bone in the corner of a sacred subject. We find it likewise in the pottery of Greece or Etruria, and as well in the mural paintings of Pompeii as in the *graffiti* that the idle schoolboys or vagabonds of the day scribbled on the dead-walls of her streets, to be revealed—like a bouquet of Falernian to the nostril—to the antiquarian sense of the present. It seems that the explorations among the relics of that transition age from the ancients to the middle ages are least productive of these results, since it is the memorials of the fathers and saints that have chiefly come down to us from that time. In the remains of the Anglo-Saxons, likewise, few traces are preserved of a comic literature. But when the transition is completed, we are not longer at a loss. Mediæval sculpture is full of the grotesque. The minstrels of the feudal castles sang of all that was ludicrous. The moralists tinctured their fables with it, and fox, wolf, goose, or ass contributed as much to excite the risible as the contemplative muscles. It was almost the life of the demonology of the day. The court fools could have furnished a college of it in all its professorships. As we come farther down, we first discover the germ of modern political satire beginning, like literature itself, in poetry and song. We find it at once in greater abundance in England than in France or Germany, and Mr. Wright argues, not improperly, that it shows a more advanced feeling of popular independence and a greater freedom of speech in that insular nation. It is in the fifteenth century generally that we find this element was taking shape adapted to another state of society, and to this age of development we trace back much that is held diverting in the literatures of our day. Indeed, we need but take up a modern catalogue to find that the "Dance of Death," and legends of many of those popular heroes of the fifteenth century which mark a change from the mythical to the practical age—be it the comicalities of Tyll Eulenspiegel (a Boston publishing house gave us this but a few years ago), or the pranks of Robin Goodfellow and the like, or the apocryphal gyrations of the wise men of Gotham—are salable still.

The age of the Reformation, with its radical changes, was a new opening for the wit of the caricaturists. Brawny Martin Luther may have been so thick-skinned as not to have winced in men's eyes beneath the leveling thwacks of Murner's pictorial sarcasms; but he saw to it, or his followers did, that the Pope was scourged as lustily in return. There were social follies then, too, for such as Hans Sachs, as for Cruikshank to-day. If we turn to the mediæval drama we find in their "mysteries" and "moralities" that Noah and his wife can quarrel as uproariously as the loving spouses of a modern farce, and Cain and Abel can beget as pretty a piece of bickering for a tragical termination as even the boasting revelers of

a modern melodrama. It is to that century and the next, too, that we must trace the pasquinades and the macaronic verse of Italy and the pantagruelism of France.

Popular reformers have always recognized the value of pictorial satire as an effective weapon; but until printing had been practiced, the trouble of duplicating was, of course, a bar to its general use. In Germany this phase had been developed in Luther's age of turmoil, but in England it arose later. First came the satirical reflections of the English comedy. Jonson was a biting caricaturist of London life as he saw it, and in his comedies we get at the current follies of his day by the stamp he put upon them. There were hard hits to take as well as to give. The Puritans' backs were bloody with the lashes of the wits; but the wits in turn felt the craving of an empty stomach quite as bitingly when Barebones and his tribe got the political ascendancy and closed their theaters. It was in the reign of Charles the First that political caricature may be said to have had its origin in England. With the Restoration the Puritans' work was undone in inspiring the wings of ridicule anew as in removing the dams that had held back the accumulating filth. With this fresh outburst we find better specimens in song than in prints, and indeed many years passed before any pictorial caricatures worthy of note appeared in England. The drama took their place. It is well known how the Puritans now again got their cruellest blows on the stage, as in "The Committee," for instance. The stage even turned upon itself, and Dryden and tragedy-writers of that ilk quailed under the caricature of "The Rehearsal." Now, too, began that reign of personal satire which Foote later carried to such a height of impudence; and there were capital themes, too, for the wits when the South Sea bubble and similar somersaults of the stock market turned men's characters and pockets inside out.

With the accession of the second George political caricature became a fixed power. Print-sellers were increasing; and the people were becoming more popularly cognizant of current measures and men. It was the unpopular administration of the Earl of Bute that brought out every latent resource of sarcasm; and with the overthrow of his power, which it so much contributed to accomplish, we may agree with Mr. Wright that the school of caricature in England was completely formed and organized. Heretofore the great workers to this end were classed without much individual distinction. Now personal powers began to tell, and we may enumerate by name the great masters of the art. We are tempted to run down the list in the department of literature, but have barely space to hint at the developments in the pictorial shape, as indicated by the names of Hogarth, Sandby, Collet, Sayer, Rowlandson, Gilray, and Cruikshank father and son, with which last, as Mr. Wright says, caricature has been raised to perhaps the highest degree of excellence yet attained.

With this hasty summary we have indicated the scope of the volume before us. There are few more interesting themes; and the phase of the art of caricature at the present day has some anomalies, with us in America, at least. The signal failure of our last attempts at a *Punch* has been already discussed in the pages of THE ROUND TABLE. The reasons of that failure may be an open question; but the fact is clear that attempt after attempt at putting caricature on a basis of organized permanency has been abortive. It may seem strange, in view of such a moral as this present book teaches of the widely disseminated love for it among all people and of the power it has been in reformatory action. But in American society there is not yet ingrained the varied ingredients for insuring success. We seem to enjoy the conventional John Bull, or Paddy O'Trigger, or Johnny Crapaud of the stage; we may laugh at the drolleries of Artemus Ward; we may have an instinct for fun; but can it be that we have not yet advanced far enough to underlay this outward seeming with a humanitarian interest? Can we not learn something from that phase of the character of our martyr President which has been most condemned because least understood, that a trivial jest may cover a great truth, and that lessons for the advancement of a nation may grow out of a

* "A History of Caricature and Grotesque in Literature and Art." By Thomas Wright; with illustrations by F. W. Fairholt. London, 1865. 1 vol. sq. 8vo, pp. xvi., 491.

"little story?" We, of course, would not have political prudence cooked up in a jest-book. The great truths of life can make their own record with a dignity worthy of the theme. But the classic must have a subsidiary literature, and it may be that if such a literature should become with us sufficiently vitalized by a draught from the upper regions of intellect, that it could live. We go to the mirror if we wish to see ourselves as others see us; but we are none the less the same individual when by the winter fireside, cosy and chatty, we make mouths at the demon of caricature in the globe of the andiron.

LIBRARY TABLE.

"Griffith Gaunt; or, Jealousy." By Charles Reade. Chaps. i.-xxvii. ("The Argosy," London and New York: Strahan & Co.; also, the "Atlantic Monthly," Boston: Ticknor & Fields.)

If "Griffith Gaunt" were unsustained by the assured reputation of one of the most artistic novelists of the age it would neither have found place in a newly-established magazine, whose earlier numbers naturally give earnest of its future character, nor in one which claims, perhaps, a more cultivated and refined circle of readers than any other American monthly. Mr. Charles Reade's new work fails in none of those characteristic strokes of genius that stamped its predecessors. It has all their vigorous, terse, trenchant style; its plot is constructed with the same consummate art and dexterous exhibition of the passion it illustrates; the sharp, satiric parentheses are fresh and nervous as ever; every chapter shows its author's thorough familiarity with the manifestations of character and his rare ability to portray the idiosyncrasies of either sex. But it is one of the worst stories that has been printed since Sterne and Fielding and Smollett defiled the literature of the already foul eighteenth century.

Mr. Reade's success has probably been due, more than to any other cause, to his utter scorn for precedent and the traditional usages of fiction writers. Every page and every line of his have been so written as no other man would ever have thought of writing, and as none have succeeded in imitating. Nothing but the inspiration of genius could have taught him to "put things" with such intensity and freshness and dramatic power. Even his revolt against the printers in unimaginable extravagances of type, which has been so persistently criticised, was in harmony with the thorough originality and *insouciance* which largely gave his books their charm. But disregard of conventionalities is one thing; that of ordinary decency and morality is another. For the first time one of Mr. Reade's novels is grossly impure. "Peg Woffington," though one of his most artistic works, had a tendency which might justify the fastidious in excluding it from their libraries; but "Griffith Gaunt" is essentially bad and indecent. It was thought that respectable writers were approaching as near the verge of impropriety as they might do with impunity when unmarried mothers were chosen for heroines in "The Heart of Mid Lothian" and "Adam Bede." Her penchant for apologetic delineations of fallen women would have been sufficient—had all else been wanting—to stamp the position of Mrs. Henry Wood. It was reserved for Mr. Reade, however, if we except a somewhat similar episode in Eugene Sue's "Doctor Basilus," not only to elaborate with masterly skill the insidious growth of a guilty passion, but to detail the arts by which a dissolute servant-woman seduces the husband of her mistress. His book, too, is not merely tainted by this one foul spot; it is replete with impurity; it reeks with allusions that the most prurient scandal-monger would hesitate to make; it deals throughout with vice so familiarly, so much as a matter of course, and with such an assumption of blunt straightforwardness as to divest it of all the repulsiveness it should wear. "Don Juan" were less corrupting reading for the young and pure than "Griffith Gaunt;" George Sand and Eugene Sue were less pernicious authors to turn loose upon them than Charles Reade as he now reveals himself. His splendid talents only aggravate his offense, and render the influence of the story worse than the detailed proceedings of a *crim. con.* case by just the proportion in which his writings are more graphic and fascinating than newspaper reports.

Half completed as it is, the publishers of "The

Argosy" and "Atlantic" had better abandon "Griffith Gaunt" where it now stands, and thus avail themselves of their only possible defense—which we presume is the true one—that at the outset they knew not whither they were to be led. They have no right to introduce into thousands of virtuous families, and to children and girls whose parents accept it unquestioned on their indorsement, such reading as is only fit for the columns of the *Police Gazette* or the pages of the avowed organ of the Parisian *demi-monde*.

"The United States during the War." By Auguste Laugel. New York: Baillière Brothers, Broadway. 1866.

We can recall but one book on the United States to which this admirable volume of M. Laugel affords a parallel. Visiting America at periods essentially different, studying the country from most opposite stand-points, the representatives likewise of antagonistic races, Frederika Bremer in her "Homes in the New World" and Auguste Laugel in his "The United States during the War," are one in their spirit of appreciation and in the profound identity of their enthusiasm. They both comprehend the grandeur of democratic ideas even in the most unbeautiful aspects; and they discern the possibilities of the people who inhabit this continent far more readily than we do ourselves. Indeed, that which constitutes the immediate and pre-eminent value of the work under review is the wonderful directness of its generalizations upon the American character and the readiness with which all the larger elements of the national life are seized upon at once and presented in their true light. As a people we are not much inclined to self-knowledge, and are too apt to depreciate ourselves in respect to the very things for which there is the most reason for pride. Our own authors do not comprehend us, and it is on account of this incapacity chiefly that what there is of literature in America is retrospective. Our highest achievements in the field of letters are historical, while history is essentially unmindful, if not scornful, of the present. The best of our novelists have always worked upon the material of the past, or have sought in an older civilization for the background of their paintings. Our thinkers and scholars have been too much ashamed of our newness, have been too prone to apologize or else to indulge in an exaggerated self-assertion, as if we were a nation of *parvenus*.

We regard it, therefore, as of no small account that a Frenchman saw fit, in the last year of the recent rebellion, to cross the Atlantic in order to study the superficial and the underlying peculiarities of our people, to estimate the political and social gains of the war, and finally to return home and write out carefully his observations. He found us as we are, but better than we think we are. In his introduction, in his description of the people of the great West, in his chapter on Lincoln, he has portrayed our national characteristics in a way that will appear overgenerous and exaggerated to many, and yet we question whether a more accurate and truthful picture was ever given.

He recognizes the rawness and coarseness of much of our civilization; but imputes it to the necessities of our situation. He feels that we are a nation of the future, that we are in an epoch of rapid and unequal development, and that most of the national faults and inconsistencies are the product of this transition state. His insight into individual types is remarkable. We extract a portion of his remarks upon the West:

"A people without traditions live in the West—a new, simple, creative people—childish still, though civilization has put all the weapons of maturity into its hands. Everything seems easy to it, everything beautiful. It is joyous, impatient, and intoxicated with a chronic enthusiasm. Indeed its language is stamped with a perpetual exaggeration. What name did Illinois give its favorite statesman, Douglas? The Little Giant. I could hardly help smiling when I heard, every other minute, an ordinary man, unknown out of his town or county, spoken of as a splendid man! That is the formula of the West; talent quickly assumes the proportions of genius, mediocrity those of talent. Political eloquence too often disdains the artifices, the cold irony, the severe deductions, of logic; is too often contented with invective, noisy declamation, and coarse jokes. . . . Not only does the western man admire everything, but he wants you to admire with him. He goes into ecstasies before a church, a picture, or a monument, never suspecting that

they may appear monstrous to you, and mainly enjoys the pleasure you do not experience. Open and generous, he shows and gives all he has; and his hospitality has really something royal about it, for everything he touches is transformed, even through his imagination."—pp. 138-9.

But the book has still other merits. In one chapter the author has grouped together the series of campaigns by which the recent war was signalized, and we know not where the reader can find a more accurate condensation, or one more vivid and striking. He was in Missouri during the invasion of the Confederate General Price, and has given a highly instructive account of what he saw there. His descriptions of the western cities and country are very amusing. He always perceived the bright side of everything. He is constantly making shrewd remarks. Thus, it surprises him that he hears so seldom in his travels complaints against the railroads and hotel accommodations. "Men and women," he says, "accept without a word the small miseries of traveling with a fatalism mingled with contempt. Railroad companies have singularly tried this patience. I have scarcely ever been in a train which arrived at its destination at the hour indicated; but there never appear in the newspapers of the United States those complaints that the English are constantly addressing to their papers. *An annoyance once over, the American hastens to forget it*" (p. 154). We believe in this last sentence lies the best explanation ever made of an otherwise inexplicable phenomenon.

The political statements and speculations of the author, which indeed take up a very large portion of his work, may very possibly awaken criticism. He was, while here, an ardent sympathizer with the Republican party; yet he speaks well of Gen. McClellan, and is always good-natured in his partisanship. Some of his observations upon the latent changes in government, the increase in executive power and other modifications arising from the war, evince great keenness; while, again, he often blunders in his comments upon the machinery of our politics. He laments that the electoral college is nothing but an instrument of the popular will; he mistakes a ratification meeting for a caucus, and finds fault with "the politician"—for precisely those things which make him necessary in our elective system. These, however, are but slight flaws, and we cannot allow our judgment to be anyway affected by them. The failings of the book are few and insignificant; its excellences are many and inestimable. It is so replete with sympathy, is so thoroughly democratic and hopeful in tone, and is in such marked contrast to the usual type of European criticism, that we trust it will attain a more than ordinary success in that final tribunal of all literary productions—the bookstores.

"Faith White's Letter Book, 1620-1623, Plymouth, New England." Boston: Henry Hoyt. 1866. 16mo, pp. 365.

FAITH WHITE, according to the account of her "Letter Book," was a sister of the famous Peregrine White, born on board the *Mayflower* in the harbor of Cape Cod, and who has been trumpeted by ignorant antiquarians as the first man-child born of European parents on the American continent; though it must be added here (somewhat privately) that the said Peregrine had no sister, the family, as we learn from Bradford, being composed of "Mr. William White, and Susana his wife, and one sone, caled Resolved, and one born on ship-bord, caled Peregrine." Nevertheless we will believe that such a person as Faith came over in company with the little band of Brownists who left Leyden in 1620. Faith was then only fifteen years old. Her letters extend over two years; at the end of which period they become sufficiently bulky for the publisher's use, when, a proper termination being deemed desirable for the somewhat somber narrative, Faith is made to decline the proffered hand of Wrestling Brewster, and a convenient consumption is allowed to take her off.

This work is an attempt in the line of the delightful "Schönberg Chronicles," and, as might be expected, is a failure. Books like the Chronicles are not made, or "got up." They are the natural exfoliation of genius. What Mrs. Charles has done for the age of Luther our author would do for the age of Laund; yet the result is only a feeble imitation. Faith and Eva are in no way related. One is all nature, the other art; one tries hard to seem smart, the other cannot re-

press her cleverness; one keeps up a painful pumping to raise ideas, while with the other the precocious words bubble up naturally from a heart that is full.

To write a book with the scope of Faith White requires decided and peculiar talent, combined with an exact knowledge of all that was ordinarily seen by the bright eyes of a young maiden in those times; neither of which requirements seems to be possessed by the author. There is no evidence to prove that Faith White ever saw Leyden, or England, or Cape Cod, or hardly Plymouth; nor is there any evidence of a careful study of the descriptions of those places as they appeared to others two hundred and forty years ago. The performance on the whole is superficial; the largest industry being shown in the avoidance of topics about which we should indeed be glad to hear, but which, if attempts were made, could only illustrate still more signally the author's lack of information.

There is also too little exactness in that kind of knowledge easily acquired. Shakespeare and the Bible are quoted aright with much difficulty. The author might at least have gained some tolerable acquaintance with Cape Cod and Massachusetts Bay, where the *Mayflower* found a harbor; yet when making land, November 9th, Faith speaks of the "beauty of the coast, where the forests, leafless now, come down to the water's edge;" whereas the forests there are never leafless, being chiefly composed of evergreen. Bradford in his journal gives an idea of their true appearance at this season when he says: "Summer being done, all things stared upon them with a wether-beaten face." This is just the case. Massachusetts Bay is also described as "studded with islands!" Whoever has visited these unique regions could hardly fail of writing something to indicate that he had once been there.

It is quite amusing, also, to those who know what the Brownists thought of Christmas, to find them represented as celebrating the abjured festival with as much spirit as possible under the circumstances. Faith writes on that day: "I was awakened this morning by hearing the children whisper 'Merry Christmas' to each other, and rejoice quietly over the few poor little surprises we had been able to prepare for them, and was glad that a child's heart could be thus easily made so cheerful and light in this thick darkness where we grope and touch only these prison walls of sorrow and death." This is a slight anachronism, yet it serves to show that the author had more of a desire to tell a pretty story than to give a party view of those with whom her heroine was associated. Still she can by no means be acquitted on this score.

Faith, as originally conceived in the author's mind, was altogether a smart body, seemingly without much prejudice, and loving all around her. When allowed her own way, she shows a disposition to tell the whole story, and at such times is only debarred from the privilege by reason of the limited degree of information which reposes in the power of her patron. She, however, is able to tell us some things that the Puritan eulogists keep out of sight, and innocently details, though without any manifest love of scandal, the sins of the black sheep. Occasionally she gets a little extravagant in depicting the scenes at Plymouth. So sweet a maid certainly could not fib; hence we believe that she must have got at second hand her account of the manner in which Miles Standish received the news of his wife's death. She says that when informed of the event by Elder Bradford "he laid his hand on his sword as though a bugle had blared with no uncertain sound, and, striding up and down, swore that he would dispute possession, inch by inch, with Death himself—as if there were some grim, grizzly monster called Death, some Apollyon with whom he could measure weapons, and, by prowess made superior in the might of his *wrath*, snatch victory from the very jaws of defeat!" If Faith had been challenged for this part of her letter, she probably would have defended herself on the ground that it was the best she could do, though, if pressed by the heartless critic, she might perhaps have acknowledged that she had no particular right to such a very vivid conception of Apollyon several years before John Bunyan was born, and, consequently, a long while before the divine tinker had fixed the antique

monster's precise aspect, once for all time, in the minds of boys and girls, as a standard illustration and reference.

Faith White's letters reveal an excellent religious feeling; yet, perhaps, it is not too much to say that possibly this is because her religion is not the old-fashioned religion of Plymouth Rock. It is marked by the gentle amenities of a less unbending age. This oversight is creditable to the author's heart, if not to her head.

The best part of the book is the narrative, which may be better learned from "Mourt's Relation" and "Bradford's Journal," out of which, without due credit, page after page has been confidently pitchforked.

Possibly it will be said that one aim of Faith's Letter Book is to inculcate religion, and that on this account the author might claim a more favorable judgment; yet where do we learn that it is creditable to offer upon the altar of God that which costs us little and perhaps nothing? Religion in these days can tolerate no poor advocate; and besides, if the class of writers now seeking to monopolize the whole subject of the religious guidance of youth were allowed to go unquestioned on their way, Religion would soon bow her head and die amid her worshippers.

"*Culture of the Grape.*" By W. C. Strong. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. 1866. Pp. 355.

"*The Book of Roses.*" By Francis Parkman. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. 1866. Pp. 225.

THESE volumes, printed on the whitest of paper with the clearest of type, illustrated throughout with admirable designs, bound in attractive covers, and treating of themes in which the interest of American horticulturists is now unbounded—these exquisite books form a valuable addition to the series of kindred publications with which the Messrs. Tilton are rapidly enriching our literature of the garden, the nursery, and the field.

Of the cultivation of the grape, Mr. Strong truthfully remarks that it "has become a subject of extraordinary interest in the United States. New varieties have been so multiplied, and the expectation is so strong that some of these will prove to be of superior value, that almost every landholder is induced to grow this favorite fruit. . . . Grape-growing is destined to become a vast interest in our land. Our soil and climate, though not adapted for the open-air culture of European varieties, yet encourage the most luxuriant growth of native kinds almost throughout the length and breadth of our vast domain." The author has, it seems to us, well carried out a plan to set before the grape-grower, in succinct, comprehensive form, all needful information with regard to the nature, varieties, conditions, and methods of propagating and improving our most approved American vines. These include not only the Concord, the Delaware, the Catawba, and a dozen other native species, but as many exotics which have taken kindly to our soil and climate, and the hybrids formed by the intermarriage of the foreign and indigenous varieties.

After a chapter on the history and characteristics of the vine, embracing an account of its culture in Ohio, California, and other portions of the United States, Mr. Strong explains the system of hybridization, and then, in successive chapters, furnishes a very complete treatise on scientific culture. Rules are given for the propagation of the grape, layering and grafting, choice of soil and situation, planting, training, subsequent managing and pruning, hastening maturity, manuring, and culture under glass. The diseases and parasites of the grape are fully discussed, and methods given for their cure and avoidance. We are sure that every cultivator of the grape, for his own use or for the market, who examines the contents of Mr. Strong's treatise, will at once desire to possess it and avail himself of its instructions.

Mr. Parkman's "Book of Roses" is in itself an illustration of the fact that Americans are passing from the iron and brazen ages, where rugged labor and utilitarianism have necessarily absorbed all our energies and thoughts, into the silver and golden periods of taste which follow partial leisure, and exalt the beautiful to its equal station with the useful and the good. To us, who have not even a potted rose in our parlor window (more's the pity!), it seems

a most dainty volume, taking us through a Gulistan of Persian odors and many-colored blooms. To those who have their city windows and conservatories filled with the Damask, Moss, Chinese, Provence, and a hundred other delightful guises in which the Queen of the Garden multiplies her charms—and to those more fortunate, who lovingly nurture her in their country gardens—it will be doubly welcome.

"*The Fly.*" By Theodore Tilton. New York: Sheldon & Company. 1865.

WRITING poetry for babies is evidently Mr. Theodore Tilton's forte. He enters at once upon his subject with a genial enthusiasm and a picturesque vigor that have never been surpassed. From the opening stanza, in which he brings his hero before us in these graphic lines:

"Baby bye
Here's a fly;
Let us watch him, you and I!"—

to the closing verse, in which he points his moral, he displays that utter recklessness as to grammatical construction which is supposed to be so vastly agreeable to the infantile mind. It would be rather difficult to explain what our author means by "baby bye;" but mothers will doubtless understand it. Some of his information as to the habits of the fly is also more amusing than instructive, as, for instance:

"All wet flies
Twist their thighs:
So they wipe their heads and eyes.
Cats, you know,
Wash just so;
Then their whiskers grow.
Flies have hair too short to comb—
Bareheads, always out from home.
But the gnat
Wears a hat:
Do you laugh at that?"

No, we do not laugh at that; but the youthful readers for whom Mr. Tilton designed his poem may manage to smile at this statement. But we do laugh at the idea of Mr. Tilton seriously affixing his name to such nonsense as this:

"Round and round,
On the ground,
On the ceiling he is found.
Catch him? No;
Let him go:
Never hurt him so.
Now you see his wings of silk
Drabbled in the baby's milk!
Fie, oh fie!
Foolish fly!
How will he get dry?"

If a fond father had rattled off such a rigmarole for his own baby, and in the goodness of his heart had sent it to a publisher for the benefit of other babies, there would be nothing of which to complain; for the book is a good one for infants, and Sheldon & Co. have had it very handsomely illustrated. But for Mr. Tilton to print these nonsensical rhymes with his name on the title-page, and to send the book around to the various papers to be noticed and reviewed, strikes us as the extreme of absurdity. Nevertheless, it is quite characteristic of our author. Unless he had changed his nature, he could not have acted otherwise. We repeat, therefore, that writing books for babies is his forte, and we advise him to abandon all his other labors and devote himself to this specialty hereafter.

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The Feep o' Day; or, John Doe and Crochore of the Bill-hook. By the O'Hara Family. 1865. Pp. 412.
The Croppy. By the O'Hara Family. 1865. Pp. 435.
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Tagebuch eines armen Fräuleins. Von Marie Nathusius. Pp. 163.
Zriny. Ein Trauerspiel. Von Karl Theodor Körner. With English Notes for translation by Edw. R. Ruggles, M.A., instructor in Dartmouth College. Pp. 116, x.
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THE ROUND TABLE.

FOR WEEK ENDING JUNE 9.

REUNION OF THE CHURCHES.

A WORK of reconstruction is to go on in the American churches as well as in the state. The stern conflict between the North and the South first showed itself in dividing the churches; and this division foreshadowed the civil rupture, as was seen and declared, though from very different points of view, by such statesmen as Webster and Calhoun. And now that the states are becoming one, the question about the reunion of the divided churches is assuming a fresh importance. The vital reunion of the country, its social and moral concord and amity, will not be re-established as long as the same churches in the different parts of the land remain severed. As far as most of the northern and southern churches are concerned, this work has hardly been begun. The Roman Catholic Church of course holds together; it has a head and centre outside of the land, and above all local parties. The Episcopal dioceses of the South have also renounced their independent being, and have come back one by one to the old organization—no conditions having been imposed. But the other branches of the church are still separated. The Southern Baptist Convention which has just closed its session at Louisville, said not a word about reunion. The Methodist Church South, henceforth to be called the Episcopal Methodist, made no movement in the direction of fraternization with the North. The Presbyterian Churches of the South, both Old School and New School, are now united there, but express no desire for a union with either of the Presbyterian Churches in the northern states. They will not even look at the condition of repentance for rebellion and treason which both the Old School and New School Churches of the North have laid down as the basis of their return to full fellowship. The Confederacy is subdued, but the churches are not penitent.

The course of the Old School Assembly, which has just closed its protracted session at St. Louis, will not tend to bring them back very speedily. They have adhered with unfaltering steadiness to their declarations of the two past years about slavery and the rebellion; and they have summoned those who argued the Louisville testimony against these acts to the bar of the next assembly to answer for their contemptuous defiance of the assembly's "deliverances," as they are called. Drs. Stuart, Robinson, Brookes, and their sympathizers have been decisively driven to the wall.

But this course of the Old School has another and quite as important a bearing, in relation, that is, to a reunion between the two great Presbyterian Churches in the northern, middle, and western states. Reunited, they would prove a very powerful body, numbering some 400,000 church members and having a very strong influence everywhere out of New England. Both assemblies met this year in the city of St. Louis, and came nearer together than they have at any time since the great disruption of 1837. The chief actors in that disruption have passed, or are falling from the stage; a new generation has sprung up. The course of time and the progress of events have annulled or reduced many of the points of difference, both in doctrine and polity, once so hotly contested. The subject of slavery, which proved one marked question of divergence, has received its actual quietus. Both churches exist side by side in the same states, the same towns, the same territories, the same new settlements. Both have identically the same name, the same confession of faith and catechisms, the same form of government and work of discipline, and they speak for the most part the same dialect. It is an anomaly that they should remain apart. The time has fully come when the question of reunion is to be pressed upon them in a definite shape. This was brought about by the course of things in the recent assemblies at St. Louis. For the first time since their separation, a generation ago, the two assemblies united together in religious services and in the celebration of the Lord's supper. These meetings are reported to have been of the most fraternal character, showing that the wall of separation was just

ready to crumble away. At one of them, where stirring speeches were made by the moderators of the two bodies and by other members, and also by Dr. McCook, of Ireland, the whole audience at the close rose up, as if animated by one impulse, expressing its conviction that speedy reunion was desirable and that measures should be taken to bring it about. Enthusiastic demonstrations of applause followed.

Subsequently, both assemblies with great unanimity appointed committees, fifteen for each body, who are to have this question of reunion in charge during the coming year, and report the results of their conference to their respective bodies next May. The chairmen of these committees are Dr. Krebs, of New York, for the Old School, and Dr. Brainerd, of Philadelphia, for the New School—whose names will inspire general confidence. The other members are selected from all parts of the two churches, carefully omitting any who might be supposed to represent extreme views on either side. Their respective churches and the whole country will await with deep interest the result of their consultations. No more important ecclesiastical question is now before the churches of this land.

It is undeniable that a very general disposition towards Christian union and reunion has been taking firm hold of the hearts and minds of a very large part of our Christian churches. This is as it should be. The instinct of true Christian faith and love is towards oneness. The tendency to divisions on unessential, local, and personal grounds has gone quite as far as is safe. Our great danger is on the side of disintegration. Many points of past difference have now spent their force. Subtle theological distinctions and disputations have lost much of their influence. The great practical work to be done by the churches of our land is sufficient to engross all their energies. The laymen of our churches, for the most part, see no sufficient ground for the continuance of the old altercations. Many of these are wholly unable to tell what is the real difference between an Old School man and a New School man. They do not see but that they are on the whole about the same sort of people, nor why they should be ecclesiastically sundered, especially when they repeat the same confession, adopt the same polity, and are doing the same work. There may be practical difficulties to be adjusted, but these will all disappear if there be sufficient unity in faith and love to make the necessary concessions on both sides.

And this question seems to us a vital one as to the future history of Presbyterianism in this country. Can Presbyterianism become again one and national? Or, must it go on splitting up into local and provincial bodies? If the parts cannot unite, other and more flexible organizations will supplant it. And the Presbyterian churches are so strong, and have had such influence in our past history, that all who love their country and the church will rejoice to see them reunited and working still more vigorously for the evangelization of this land.

THE NEW TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.

OURS is an age, says Mr. Matthew Arnold, "which seems to think that progress can be achieved only by our herding together and making a noise." This is saying in Mr. Arnold's way, or rather in Mr. Carlyle's way, what has often been said of late—that men are prone to think, in these days, that whenever a work of reform is to be done a society must be organized to do it. The tendency to organization is evidently carried too far; yet we have no such prejudice against societies as prevents us from watching their course with some interest, or from hoping that they may vindicate their right to live by the good which they do. Their annual reports constitute a dreary sort of literature; but they generally throw us into a state of expectancy, from which we relieve ourselves by proceeding at once to read them.

We have before us, just now, the "First Annual Report of the Connecticut Temperance Union; by the Corresponding Secretary." It seems that the "Union," like the other total abstinence societies which we have in mind, is the offspring of the temperance revival which has been in progress for a year or two in various parts of the country. To reform

as many drunkards as possible, and to rescue, strengthen, and establish as many of the young men of the country who are treading in paths which lead to dissipation and drunkenness, is certainly a worthy object of good men's ambition, and this, it seems to us, should be the main object of temperance unions, societies of Good Templars, and all similar organizations. But the conviction is somehow produced, as we read the report we have mentioned, that the Temperance Union of Connecticut has not sought this object with any directness or zeal; and the same, we believe, may be said of all the temperance societies.

The aim of this "Union," according to the declaration of its constitution, is, first, to obtain from the mass of the people a pledge of total abstinence, and, secondly, so to modify or reinvigorate the laws of the state as to demolish the liquor traffic. Now we do not deny that these are objects worth working for. To say the least, it would do Connecticut no harm to be lifted out of its present condition into such a Utopia as that would be. The Temperance Union in aiming at such results certainly aims high. But meantime there is another duty which demands attention; a duty, too, which cannot be fulfilled without the most direct and strenuous effort; we mean the rescue of those who are even now imperiled, whose ruin is imminent, who are year by year getting further away from the outstretched hands of beneficence. But this the Connecticut Temperance Union—if we may judge from the report—and its sister societies seem almost to have lost sight of. It may be a good thing to convince deacons and class-leaders that the sale of lager-bier and cider ought to be prohibited by law; a good thing to coax the boys and girls into "signing the pledge"—provided they know what they are doing. All this will doubtless tell upon the future, and perhaps for the better. But, gentlemen of the temperance societies! just now thousands are perishing, and your unions, if good for anything, ought to be good for saving them. How persistently and directly do you aim at this result? What fruits do you exhibit?

We fear that the most practicable course is not pursued by these societies; and, furthermore, that it never will be. We fear this because every such society tends, by virtue of its very constitution and method, to become a *club of exclusives* rather than a wide-spread and all-pervading influence for good. In the first place, many of those whom the temperance society ought to reach—for example, young men of intelligence who are, nevertheless, at the mercy of their appetites—it repels rather than attracts by the position it takes with reference to prohibition and abstinence. The historian, Robertson, says of an ecclesiastical party in Scotland, called "Moderates," that they were "fierce for moderation." Your genuine temperance man is intemperate in behalf of temperance. He noisily affirms (as the report before us affirms) that cider is "a deadly curse," that lager-bier is an "animalizing power which holds men to sensuality" (never mind the rhetoric!), that ale and porter are "those agents by which mothers poison life at its fountain," and the like. All of which may be true; but those who are in the path of danger do not quite believe it, and cannot be made to believe it; and thrusting it so persistently upon them simply arouses their antagonism. To-day they hear the champion of abstinence claiming for his doctrine the support of the Bible and of physiology. To-morrow they find the devout commentator and the skillful physician arrayed against him with rebutting arguments. So they quietly say to themselves:

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"

and move on in the easy downward track. We who are lookers on, although convinced that the extreme of abstinence is far to be preferred to a drunkard's grave, cannot help asking, Why throw away, for the sake of a *technicality*, the opportunity of saving these youth?

Such societies also shut out from the work of reform, so far as they can, a large number of "working temperance men"—classing them with rum-sellers and drunkards, because they do not catch up and shout for the Temperance Union watchwords. This Connecticut report speaks of the "remarkable agreement among working temperance men with respect to the fundamental principles of the reform." If, in a house-

hold, that can be called "agreement" which results from excluding those who differ from you, and shutting the door in their face, then are temperance men agreed; but not otherwise. There is a very important work, which those who are excluded are peculiarly fitted to do; but the only encouragement which this report extends to them is the rather negative assurance that "against their Christian labors there is no law!" The reverend secretary adds that "until the final triumph of truth, it is to be looked for as a matter of course that men will be elected from the ministry to weave the most subtle sophistries in support of intemperance, oppression, and infidelity"—which is very severe upon the "working temperance men" who cannot pronounce his shibboleth.

It ought to be borne in mind by our total abstinence friends that, while upon some points there are serious differences between them and others, on one point the prohibitionists and the anti-prohibitionists, the abstainers and the mass of moderate drinkers, are agreed—that drunkenness is a shame and a sin, that excess is in the long run ruinous, and that *self-restraint*, whatever technical form it may take or refuse to take, is one of the best of safeguards, and, at the same time, one of the sublimest of virtues. We have somewhere seen a definition of "temperance" which makes it not merely synonymous with abstinence from intoxicating drinks, but rather "the subjection of all passions and appetites to the soul's highest good." Viewed in this light, temperance is a virtue which lies back of all others and comprehends them all; and this is the temperance we should aim to foster and develop. Let us remember, too, that this can best be done not through hired "agents" and the machinery of a "union"—for the noblest deeds are never accomplished by proxy—but by direct personal effort, by the expenditure in society and in the churches of moral and spiritual influence. If those who are safe themselves, but perceive the peril of their fellow-men and brothers, would attempt this truly Christ-like course, we would hear by and by of some greater achievement than the delivery of "speeches in various places" and the writing of "six hundred letters." And meantime we recommend to our fluent reformers what is termed by Mr. Arnold, from whom we quoted at the beginning, "the antique discipline of retirement and silence."

AMERICAN STUDENT LIFE.

COLLEGE LIFE in America has been greatly benefited of late by an infusion of English and German university customs. From the time when Gaudeamus and Lauriger Horatius and Integer Vite were first heard from college greens, and when clumsy "tubs" began to be forced through the nearest water by arms whose most vigorous exercise previously had been the direction of a billiard cue or the occasional tossing of a freshman in a blanket, may be dated the existence of a more healthy sentiment in undergraduate life than ever prevailed before. The knots of students that lounged, pipe in mouth and hands in pockets, to the college fence to go through the evening song, and the raw clubs which, regard less of stroke, time, or grace, worried their barges through the water at the rate of a man-of-war's gig—these have grown into well-drilled organizations, so skilled in their respective pursuits as to extort the admiration of all who behold them, and place them beyond the criticism of all but professional competitors.

A few years ago some Yale undergraduates organized a brass band which, by an irreverend pun, assumed the name of "The Tooters." It was soon followed by a glee club, which passed the summer vacation in a tour of the New England colleges and summer resorts, delighting all who heard its music. The Beethoven Society patiently perfected itself in the performance of the more difficult masterpieces. And last week, both New York and Brooklyn gave substantial evidence of their appreciation of the attainments of the Yale musicians. Every summer an increased interest is manifested in the Worcester regatta, when Harvard and Yale contest the championship, and each occasion gathers a larger assemblage of wealth and beauty about Lake Quin, when the fragile shells are impelled by twelve such specimens of physical culture as all the colleges of America could not have produced a dozen years ago; and amid

an enthusiasm for the honor of *Alma Mater* which alumni of a generation ago can scarcely comprehend. And in many of the colleges whose situation debars them from boating—the first of college sports—their exuberant life has found a vent in base-ball—the American rendering of cricket—and gained such proficiency in it as to enable these young clubs to hold their own gallantly against veteran gamesters, and secure them on their graduation the *entrée* of the crack clubs of the cities.

This element of student life ought to receive every encouragement from college authorities. The splendid physique obtained by a course of race-crew training and diet and gymnastic exercise, and the habits of life that grow from them, are good for an average increase of five or ten years in the lives of college men. The spirit of upholding the college honor, the *esprit de corps* dating from a series of running or ball matches, will be more lasting than the evanescent occasion which called it into being, and insure our colleges that hold on the affections of their alumni which is so desirable they should maintain. The general public, moreover, is ready to recognize the sturdy manhood displayed in such sports, and to render admiration and sympathy to whatever develops them. Lord Wellington's remark that the generals and statesmen of England were made at Eton is an embodiment of the general feeling to which the great English universities and public schools owe their strong hold on the pride of that nation. When Harvard and Yale and Amherst and Andover and East Hampton have earned the same measure of esteem, we shall have a far healthier public sentiment on the subject of education.

There is one consideration of itself conclusive that college faculties should tacitly render to all legitimate student-customs the encouragement which it may be undesirable for them to evince officially. The life and animal spirits of young men assembled in large numbers and freed from family restraints must have some innocent direction in which to spend themselves, or they will find others that are not innocent. Vitality checked in one direction is certain to break forth in another; and the suppression of invigorating, healthful sports is the most direct means of encouraging dissipation, rowdiness, and debauchery, besides creating on the student's part a deserved contempt for all constituted authority that is fatal alike to discipline and to profit.

Not a few of our colleges have committed this fundamental mistake. Some of them have thereby succeeded in establishing vice on a foundation not to be shaken, and in graduating, corrupted and ruined in mind and body, young men who entered them full of promise. Others have managed to exhaust whatever of life and vigor they receive, and to produce a breed of opinionated pedants diversified by effeminate snobs. We could name a dozen colleges all the advantages of whose course might be spent by passing four years in a bar-room; and as many more whose students would be equally benefited by serving an apprenticeship of similar duration in a milliner's shop. In the name of all that is manly and honorable, let us recognize and foster the germ of a vigorous new life in our American colleges.

A WORD WITH MR. BERGH.

THE president of the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" is certainly a very benevolent and energetic gentleman. He has entered upon a vigorous crusade against the monsters in human form who for years past have sickened our hearts with their outrageous cruelties, and has taught them that horses and oxen and calves and sheep are endowed by their Creator with "certain inalienable rights" which mankind are bound to respect. He has thus accomplished a great deal of good, and will doubtless still further serve the ends of humanity if his proceedings are marked by a little more zoological knowledge and common sense than have characterized his latest published proceedings. We are the strong supporters of the society which he represents; we have witnessed with sorrow the indifference of many of our people to the sufferings of dumb brutes, and have, over and over again, been indignant at the positive barbarity of the ruffians to whose tender mercies so many of our domestic animals are com-

mitted. But we are very much afraid that Mr. Bergh has more kindness of heart and zeal than discretion. Nothing is easier than for one in his position to incur ridicule and hostility, and we feel bound to say that a few more such absurd efforts as his recent one in behalf of that aldermanic animal, the turtle, will assuredly bring his society into general derision and disfavor. Reformers have always a hard time of it, but they are able to lessen very materially the difficulties in their path by working judiciously and attacking abuses at first with that wise gentleness which smooths the way for more severe measures, and at the same time does not array public opinion against them.

Now Mr. Bergh's sympathy for the turtles, with their fins perforated and tied with cords, was, we have no hesitation in saying, altogether misplaced and unwarranted. The turtle is a cold-blooded animal of the reptilian class. It is, therefore, neither a fish, as contended for by the learned disciple of Solon who conducted the defense, and who boldly asserted that if it were it could not be an animal, nor a crustacean, as deposed to by the scientific son of Galen who testified on the same side. It is fortunately endowed with very little capacity for experiencing pain, and, like the frog, the lobster, and many other of the lowest animals, will quietly submit to extensive mutilations with feelings more akin to pleasure than suffering. To be sure, if we pinch its foot it will draw it away, just as we remove our foot if any mischievously inclined individual tickles it. But such action on its part is no evidence of pain, for it will do the same thing for weeks after its head is cut off, and will wriggle its tail when it is pricked for more than a month after the head and all the contents of the shell are removed. It is not true, as asserted by the poet, that the earth-worm feels as acutely as a giant. It is probably slightly disagreeable to this very valuable annelid to be impaled upon a fish-hook, but that it experiences any positive suffering from this operation we do not believe. We warn all our piscatorial friends, however, to be wary in their movements. The indefatigable president of the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" is on the alert, and probably even now is meditating a raid upon them. Why should the turtle be rescued from its assumed tormentors and the earth-worm still be condemned to transfixion on the barbed steel? Why should the frog be forced to roam through its native marsh under the difficulty arising from the loss of its posterior extremities? There was a time when this batrachian reptile was killed before being deprived of its nether limbs; but with the advance of science its captors have grown wiser, and the learned frog-catcher cuts off the better half (we use the adjective in its gastronomic sense) and recommit the intellectual moiety to the water, hoping that by the time the season returns he will reap another harvest of legs. From Mr. Bergh's stand-point this is rank cruelty; but perhaps if the frog could be allowed a word in the matter its voice would be raised for mutilation in preference to death. Our opinion goes with the intelligent frog-catcher. There is a limit to the production of frogs, but there is none to the reproduction of their legs. And if they endure the ripping open of their abdomens (as we know they will) without moving a muscle in disapprobation, we do not believe they deeply regret the loss of their saltatory members.

There is no limit to the operations of Mr. Bergh and his fellow-members but such as public opinion and legal decisions may impose. The justice before whom the turtle case was tried being a sensible man, adjudged the matter on the ground that the turtle was not a domestic animal and consequently was not entitled to the protection of the law. But this opinion is not final, and there is great danger that cooks, sportsmen, physiologists, and others will be arraigned upon charges of cruelty having as little foundation as those preferred against the captain of the schooner that brought the turtles to our port. Every suit lost by Mr. Bergh is a nail in the coffin of his society. We warn him for the sake of the good cause he has so much at heart, and in which in all its practical bearings we shall always be ready to support him, not to carry the matter too far.

THE BOOK CLUBS OF AMERICA.

III.

IN the summer of 1864, three gentlemen, residents respectively of Connecticut and the cities of New York and Brooklyn, organized a club for the purpose of publishing such works only, "on American history and genealogy, which would otherwise remain in manuscript;" and they immediately entered on their self-imposed task with commendable zeal and intelligence. After the fashion of the Bradford Club, but far more successfully, they threw the mantle of secrecy over all their movements, and, even at this late day, we believe the outside world, with probably one or two exceptions, is as ignorant of the names of those who constitute the U. Q. Club as it is of their operations. It styles itself the U. Q. Club; the meaning of which title, by the way, is a mystery to us, and its plan of publication provides for a "regular club edition [of its issues] of ninety-nine copies octavo, and forty-two copies quarto, except in case of genealogies, when one hundred extra copies may be printed for the use of families." Of these, thirty-three copies of the octavo series will be sold to subscribers, at five dollars each, and thirteen of the quarto, at ten dollars; and Mr. Francis S. Hoffman, of New York, was selected as the club's agent to transact its business.

In the following year (1865) the first issue of the club's publications appeared, a beautiful volume of seventy-six pages, entitled "A Letter of Directions to his Father's Birthplace, by John Holmes, with Notes and a Genealogy by D. Williams Patterson." It is a curious but laborious examination of "The Letter of Directions" referred to, the latter of which forms the text of the volume, occupying portions of only four of its pages; and this is followed with an elaborate genealogy of the family of Holmes, arranged in an admirable manner, and apparently complete in all its parts. Two indexes of proper names complete the work; and the volume, considered as a whole, may be referred to as an evidence of patient labor on a subject of very limited interest, and as a pattern which may be very usefully imitated, in works of more pretensions and wider influences, by those who possess but fail to employ the opportunity to do justice to their subjects.

During the same year (1865) the second issue of the club's publications—No. III. on its original list—was published uniformly with the first. It bears the title, "John Watson, of Hartford, Conn., and his Descendants. A Genealogy, by Thomas Watson;" occupies forty-seven pages, and is well arranged and apparently complete in all its parts. The club has now in press No. II. of its original list, a little volume on "Bundling," by Doctor Henry R. Stiles, the accomplished author of "The History of Windsor, Conn.;" and, if we may be allowed to guess, others of more general importance will soon follow. The two volumes already issued by the club are very beautiful specimens of book-making, from the Bradstreet press, and, although they possess very little interest to the great body of readers, they are important additions to our limited stock of genealogies, elegant specimens of fine book-making, and of untold interest to the Holmeses and Watsons throughout the Union. We do not think that copies of these works have been in the market; and there is, therefore, nothing to notice concerning their present value.

In December, 1864, Messrs. Alden J. Spooner, Thomas W. Field, Thomas Cotrel, and Henry R. Stiles, M.D., all of the city of Brooklyn, N. Y., organized the Faust Club, of which Mr. Field was elected the president, Doctor Stiles the secretary, and Mr. Spooner the treasurer. On "Christmas eve, 1864," the club issued its circular, proposing to publish a new edition of Furman's "Notes on Brooklyn," a local history of unusual importance but great rarity, to which important additions were to be made by entirely competent hands. The proposed edition was to number a hundred on small paper, at five dollars, and twenty on large paper, at ten dollars, and it was to be published on the first of February, 1865. The subscription list was speedily filled; the volume was put to press in the same office in which the original work was printed more than forty years before; and the club congratulated itself and was greeted by

its friends on so auspicious an opening of its career. All this, however, was soon displaced by disappointment and disaster. Instead of completing his work by the first of February, the printer had not finished it on the first of July; and when the volume was delivered it was not nearly equal in beauty of workmanship with the volumes issued by other clubs in the city of New York. Besides, the printer's bill was found, in amount, to be much greater than it should have been, even for a superior style of work; and the club was quickly involved in severe and unexpected trouble, which led to its dissolution very soon after. The volume, meanwhile, had been placed in the hands of those who had subscribed for it; and while its literary character was generally admitted to be highly creditable to the club which had issued it, the mechanical execution was as generally condemned, in view of the standard which had been fixed upon for works of this class by the Bradford Club and other organizations of the day. It was entitled "Notes, Geographical and Historical, relating to the Town of Brooklyn, on Long Island, by Gabriel Furman, with Notes and a Memoir of the Author;" and of the one hundred and ninety-three pages which it contained thirty-four were occupied with the title-pages, and a "Prefatory Note" and memoir of Judge Furman, by Alden J. Spooner, Esq., a hundred and twenty with the original text of the "Notes on Brooklyn," twenty-three with an admirable collection of "Illustrative Notes," by Doctor Henry R. Stiles, and fifteen with an elaborate index.

We understand that copies of this edition of Furman's "Notes on Brooklyn" have become exceedingly scarce, the large-paper copies commanding fabulous prices whenever found for sale; and the small-paper copies readily finding purchasers at double the original subscription price.

In the spring of 1865, measures were taken by two well-known collectors in the city of New York, under the title of the Knickerbocker Club, to issue small editions of the early Dutch works concerning New Netherland. These volumes were to be reprinted in fac-simile, with all the peculiar head and tail pieces, initial letters, maps, etc., of the original editions, and each was to be accompanied with a careful translation, historical introduction, and illustrative notes. Fifty copies only were to be printed of each, and none of these were to be offered for sale in any case whatever.

The first selection was the exceedingly rare little quarto of Ploekhoy, entitled "Kort en Klear ontwerp," published in Amsterdam in 1662, which was kindly offered for the proposed republication by Samuel L. M. Barlow, Esq., of New York; but a temporary delay, occasioned by the gentleman who was engaged in translating it, and a subsequent change in the taste of one of the two gentlemen composing the club, have probably been followed by an abandonment of the enterprise, at least by the two by whom it was originally instituted.

About the same time (the spring of 1865) a similar organization was perfected under the style of the Rivington Club, the purpose of which was to reproduce in pamphlet form, in the finest style of the typographic art, the most noted works of the loyalists of the American Revolution, especially those which had been ushered into existence by James Rivington, the royal printer, in New York. The same plan was adopted as that which was announced by the Knickerbocker Club—fifty copies only of each of its volumes were to be printed, and none of these were to be sold, in any case, either by the club or any of its members. It differed from all other clubs, however, in this: the *smallest* number, and therefore the most valuable of the series, were to be issued on the *smallest* paper; and, instead of a fine, bold type and the finest of tinted, laid paper, as if in contempt of the prevailing custom in such cases, the club ordered its volumes to be printed with the *smallest* type, on paper of a serviceable but *inferior* quality. It was publicly announced in the papers of the day that the club's first issue would be "The Cow-Chace," by Major André, carefully reproduced from the original edition, with an elaborate historical introduction and illustrative notes, and we have the best reason for stating that no similar work has ever been prepared for the press with more patient care than this, whether

the text shall be considered or the introduction and notes. We regret to say, however, that in consequence of what seems to be an unfair, as it is certainly an unusual, *parallel* movement on the part of Dr. Franklin B. Hough, of Albany, the club has suspended its work on "The Cow-Chace," although the entire text of the ballad has been printed, and a large portion of the introduction is in the hands of the compositors; when, if ever, it will be completed and issued depends wholly on the movement of Dr. Hough, by whom the *published* part of the Rivington Club's plan and proposed publications has been *secretly* duplicated, under nearly the same general title. The club has ready for the press a new "Washingtoniana," by the loyalists of the Revolutionary era, and some other similar works; but there seems to be a distrust in the minds of its members arising from the invasion of what they conceive to be their rights by courtesy, by virtue of their *published* pre-occupation of the ground, by Dr. Hough. It is probable, therefore, that all these will remain unpublished, at least until it shall be supposed that the labors of those who are thus publicly delving into the recesses of the history of our Revolutionary struggle will be safe from the antagonistic intrusions of others, to whom other fields are still open and awaiting their occupation.

The troubles in the Faust Club, of Brooklyn, to which we have alluded, ended, as may well be supposed, in the dissolution of the club itself; but a new enterprise was started soon after, by Alden J. Spooner, Esq., of the city of Brooklyn, under the style of the Furman Club, and proposals were issued for a republication of Silas Wood's valuable "Sketch of the First Settlement of the several Towns on Long Island," originally issued in 1824, and reprinted in 1826 and in 1828. We have not the original prospectus at hand, but we learn from the published volume that two hundred copies were issued in quarto and fifty in folio; the respective prices we do not remember. The proposed work appeared in the fall of 1865, and forms a volume exactly similar in appearance, except in the size of the paper, to the Faust Club's reprint of Furman's "Notes on Brooklyn," already referred to. It bears the title of "A Sketch of the First Settlement of the several Towns on Long Island, with their Political Condition, to the end of the American Revolution, by Silas Wood; with a Biographical Memoir and Additions, by Alden J. Spooner, and a Portrait and Photographs of Dwellings." Of its two hundred and twenty-eight pages, twenty-one are occupied with the "Memoir," one hundred and eighty-seven with the original work, and the remainder with the "Additions by the Editor" and the index, and it is understood that it has met with a ready sale, especially on Long Island. We have no information whatever concerning the present operations of the club, and we suppose, therefore, that it is not very actively engaged.

LITERARIANA.

AMERICAN.

THE lovers of curious books and out-of-the-way lore will be gratified, we think, by a volume lately published by Mr. Michael Doolady, entitled "A History of the Gypsies, with specimens of the Gypsy Language." It is the work of a Mr. Walter Simson, an enthusiastic Scotchman, the object of whose life appears to have been the obtaining of information concerning this singular people. We can hardly understand his enthusiasm, in this country, at least, but we can appreciate its results in the amount of curious matter which he has collected—an amount which far exceeds that in any other work on the same subject. The works of Borrow, entertaining as they are, are not to be compared with it; yet Borrow has always been considered good authority in regard to the gypsies. His "Lavengro," indeed, presents the most graphic picture of the race in the language. The gypsies, however, do not admit the truth of his delineations, and Mr. Simson questions his knowledge, and denies many of his conclusions. To write anything like a complete history of the gypsies is impossible, nothing being known of them before their advent into Europe, some four hundred and fifty years ago, and but very little since, owing to their secrecy concerning themselves and the slight interest excited by them in the civilized communities among which they have sojourned. Mr. Simson believes them to be the "mixed multitude" which came out of Egypt with the children of Israel, or rather the descendants of thi

multitude, a supposition by no means improbable, though entirely beyond proof at this late day. Judging by their language—what little is known of it—they must have sojourned for some time in Hindustan, whence they probably emigrated to Europe, entering the latter through Transylvania. At least one-third of their language, so far as it can be got at, is Hindustanee, somewhat corrupted and modified by the languages and dialects of Europe. The early European history of the gypsies is very curious, as given by Mr. Simson, showing as it does the respect with which their pretensions were received, and the safety which was accorded to them, now under the belief that they were Egyptians, and now that they had the commission of the Pope to pilgrimage over Europe. They were much favored in Scotland at the start, though afterwards under the ban for their misdeeds. The Scottish gypsy in ancient and modern times is after all the chief personage in Mr. Simson's work, the rest of the race elsewhere playing a comparatively unimportant part therein. He is never weary of recounting adventures of Scottish gypsies, male and female, their wild lives, their prowess, their generosity; in fact, everything that a *gorgio* could tell, he tells. He adds something to our knowledge of their language, if it can be said to be one now, but not so much as could be desired; not over one hundred words in all. Not the least curious part of his volume is the discussion into which he enters relative to the nativity of John Bunyan, whom he proves to have been a gypsy, if any weight is to be attached to circumstantial evidence. Altogether we have been so much entertained by Mr. Simson and his chronicles of these romantic tribes, that we have an æsthetic respect for the *Romany Rye*, who have, we dare say, as many *been gorgies* among them, as *natchens* and *chors*.

WE are not in favor of small poems in blank-verse, such as the late Mrs. Sigourney wrote, the measure itself suggesting the "grand manner," as Mr. Matthew Arnold calls it, which is averse to a brief handling. There is merit, however, in this little bit, which labors under the disadvantage of going over ground made familiar to us by Mr. Bryant:

A PRAIRIE PICTURE.

This is the prairie, broad and wild and free—
Ocean of emerald hue and moving light!
Here the meek grass with its green finger points
To him who feeds it, and the myriad flowers
Of many hues—grass-nestling flowers, sweet buds—
Swing like rich censers-cups in the soft wind.
Nations of insects float in the free air,
On glittering wings, so various dyed and gay
They seem the offspring of the gorgeous flowers.
Blythe birds, like winged blossoms of the sky,
Pour forth their rounded lays from morn to eve;
The robin, bard of birds, whose ardent hymn
Glow in her swelling breast of softened flame,
Builds here her cabin nest, and rears her brood.
That jewel of the air, the oriole,
Bright drops of sky and sunshine turned to song,
Hangs here its cradle, on the lonely tree;
And nature rocks it with an unseen hand,
And watches it with all the stars of heaven.

K. H. B.

THE following note comes to us from Newburg. We never saw before the couplet to which it refers, and are therefore unable to answer the query of our correspondent. Some of our readers may be more fortunate:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

Will you be so kind as to tell me where the following lines are to be found, or who is their author?

"And in the vault of heaven serenely fair
The lion's fiery mane floats on the ambient air."

Respectfully yours, E. W. R.

THE following note has been crowded out of our columns until now. The communication to which "R." refers at the commencement appears in our issue of May 12th, in the shape of a note from Boston:

"THE ENGLISH OF SHAKESPEARE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: My eye has just fallen on your correspondent "L's" reply to me, and his "first-rate notice" of White's Shakespeare. Of course, no student of the great dramatist can afford to dispense with the aid of "Shakespeare's Scholar;" but while he has given us what is, on the whole, the best edition of Shakespeare ever published, he is not necessarily the "head-centre" of wisdom on every little point of Shakespearian criticism.

It was because my hurried note to you was nothing more than an abstract of what Craik had said, that I referred your readers to that author for "a full discussion" of the subject; and in going to Craik I believed, as I still do, that I was going to "headquarters." It is probable, to say the least, that Mr. White himself drew from the same source.

Craik's "English of Shakespeare," the preface of which is dated October, 1856, was published some months earlier than the first volume of White's Shakespeare. "Shakespeare's Scholar" appeared before Craik's book, but, though some of the passages containing the word *its*

are discussed by Mr. White in that work, he says nothing whatever about the *its*.

The first instance of *its* in Mr. White's Shakespeare is the one in "Measure for Measure," i. 2: "Heaven grant us its peace, but not the king of Hungary's." Here mark two things. First, Mr. White gives *its*, not *it's*; on which point more anon. Second, he makes no use of the *its* in fixing the date of the play, though that very point is the subject of his note on the passage. In fact, he does not appear to be aware that there is anything peculiar in the occurrence of the word.

The volume containing "The Winter's Tale" came out some months later (when Mr. White had probably seen Craik's book, to which, by the by, he alludes in his notes on "Julius Cæsar"), and here Mr. White first notices the use of *its*. And what does he say about it? That "*its* in its consolidated form" does not occur in Shakespeare, and that *it's* was but just coming into use.

Yet, as we have seen, he had already given *its* in "Measure for Measure," and, as we shall see, he appears to have intended to give it again in "Henry VIII." i. 1.

The only other reference to *its*, of any importance, in Mr. White's Shakespeare, is in the preface to Vol. I, recently published. After quoting the instances of the possessive *it* in "Hamlet" and "Lear," he goes on to say:

"In these passages the use of *it* in the possessive sense is not only a trait of the time, but, even if there were no other evidence, is enough to show that 'Hamlet' and 'Lear' were written before 'The Winter's Tale,' in which we find '*it's* folly and *it's* tenderness,' and before 'Henry VIII.' in the first scene of which we have 'made former wonders *its*.' The last passage affords the earliest instance known, I believe, of the use of the neuter possessive pronoun without the apostrophe. And yet until the appearance of the present edition of Shakespeare's works, *its* was given indiscriminately throughout the text of all editions. The editors probably thought that in printing *its* they were merely correcting a typographical error, whereas they were destroying evidence of a change in the language which took place during Shakespeare's career as a dramatist, and which the printers of the folio of 1623, with all their negligence in other respects, carefully preserved."

Here Mr. White says that the use of *its* in "Henry VIII." the date of which he fixes in 1613, is the earliest known instance of that form; but he had given *its* in "Measure for Measure," the date of which he makes *ten years earlier* (1603-4), and (what a comedy of error we have here!) in this very passage of "Henry VIII." his text has *it's*, not *its*.

Again, Mr. White says that the possessive *it* in "Hamlet" and "Lear" is of itself enough to show that they were written before "The Winter's Tale." But in "Measure for Measure," written before "Lear," we have *its*, according to Mr. White and the first folio, and, were it *it's*, it would none the less spoil his argument. In "The Winter's Tale" we have *both* the *it's* and the possessive *it*.

On certain syntactical irregularities in Shakespeare Mr. White says, more sensibly: "The very incongruities of the old text in this respect are a trait of the period, indicating generally a transitional stage in certain syntactical forms." That is precisely what he should have said of these etymological incongruities. It is the utmost that it is safe to say.

I may remark, incidentally, that this is not a solitary instance of Mr. White's inaccuracy on philological matters. With his many merits he has not a few faults, some of which are pointed out in the severe but not unjust criticism in the last "Atlantic," upon his "Poetry of the Civil War." His notes to the American edition of Burton's "Book Hunter" are perhaps the best illustrations of his bad habit of tacking all sorts of irrelevancies to what would otherwise be "model" annotations, but even in his Shakespeare, where the offence is much less pardonable, one too often meets with amusing instances of the same weakness.

Only that it would be absurd to suppose that anybody interested in the discussion of a question connected with the history of the English language is not familiar with Marsh, I ought to say that in the first series of his *lectures* (p. 397 foll.) there are some interesting remarks on this little word *its*. Mr. Guest's paper, cited in my former communication, may be found in the "Transactions of the Philological Society for 1844." In the transactions of the same society for 1852 may be found a paper on the same subject, by Mr. Watts, to which Craik refers.

P.S.—Allow me to say to your correspondent who was kind enough to answer my question about the allusion in the first stanza of "In Memoriam," that I cannot believe that Tennyson would speak of *St. Augustine* as "him who sings to one clear harp in divers tones." It was said long ago that Longfellow was meant; but unfortunately "In Memoriam" appeared before "The Ladder of St. Augustine." On the Latin puzzle I am sorry to get no better solution than the very unsatisfactory one I had made out for myself, but very likely it is the right one.

CAMBRIDGE, May 18, 1866.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: In a "Personal" item in a late issue of THE ROUND TABLE you incidentally remark that there was "no printing press here until after the English Revolution of 1688." If by *here* you mean New York city, the statement may be correct; but the remark would not be true if applied to the country at large. From an "oration delivered at the celebration of the centennial anniversary of the introduction of the art of printing into New Hampshire, in the city of Portsmouth, October 6, 1856," by Rev. A. P. Peabody, D.D., then editor of the "North American Review," I quote the following:

"The earliest printing presses in America were set up at Mexico and Lima. It is known that there was a press in Mexico as early as 1604, and there is extant a folio history of New Spain printed there in 1606. In 1638, Rev.

Mr. Glover, a dissenting clergyman, of considerable wealth, and deeply interested in the settlement of New England, embarked for Boston with a printing press and a complete printing apparatus, designed as a gift to Harvard College. He died on the voyage, and his press, under the auspices of President Dunster, who married his widow, was managed by Stephen Daye, the first American printer north of the Gulf of Mexico—the first, and one of the poorest; for, though not a bad pressman, he was an awkward and bungling compositor and proof-reader. In 1639 he printed 'The Freeman's Oath' and an almanac. In 1640 appeared the first British American book, 'The Bay Psalm Book,' with 'Spiritual Songs' appended to the Psalms. The compilers aimed solely at literal translation, and disclaimed all regard to smoothness and sweetness of rhythm; for, said they, 'God's altar needs not our polishings.' That the disclaimer was not out of place you may perceive by the following passage from one of the 'Spiritual Songs':

'Jael the Kenite, Heber's wife,
'bove women blest shall be,
Above the women in the tent
A blessed one is she.
He water ask'd, she gave him milk:
In lordly dish she fetch'd
Him butter forth; unto the nail
She forth her hand stretch'd:

'Her right hand to the workman's maul
And Sisera hammered:
She pierced and struck his temples through,
An then cut off his head.
He at her feet bow'd, fell, lay down,
He at her feet bow'd where
He fell; whereas he bowed down,
He fell destroyed there.' T.

NEW YORK, May 25, 1866.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: Who was the author of the verse sometimes attributed to Milton:

"He looked upon the water and it blushed,"

and what were the circumstances of its composition? An answer through THE ROUND TABLE will oblige yours most respectfully, JOS. H. LIPPINCOTT.

BOSTON, May 18, 1866.

The line in question, which is incorrectly given, the true reading being,

"The conscious water saw its God and blushed,"

is often attributed to Dryden, though we believe it belongs to Richard Crashaw, an English Catholic poet of the time of Charles the First.

THE late General Winfield Scott, who has just gone to his rest, full of years and honors, was often made the subject of verse, particularly during the last five or six years of his life, the South berating him as much as the North praised him. The sonnet below was written on his retiring from the active command of our armies a few months after our first disastrous defeat at Bull Run. It originally appeared in *Vanity Fair*:

WINFIELD SCOTT.

(November 1st, 1861.)

Not like the famous warriors of the world,
Goes back to civic life our captain now,
Sheathing his sword that he may guide the plow,
Till war's red banners be again unfurled!
Not when his country needs his arm no more
Quits he the field, but when she needs it most,
Too worn and old to head her patriot host,
And lead it on to victory as before!
Faint with the glorious wounds of Lundy's Lane
(Wounds half the century old), broken with years,
And bowed with sorrow for his weeping land,
What could he do that would not be in vain?
Nothing but turn, and, with a soldier's tears,
Submit his good sword to a younger hand!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: In your issue of May 26, reviewing Leland's "Memoirs of a Good-for-Nothing," and its illustrations by E. B. Bensell, who you say is evidently a German artist, you make a mistake which I am happy to be able to rectify.

Edwin B. Bensell is a young Philadelphian, and has been known for several years in our sister city as a draughtsman and illustrator of no ordinary promise. He is a graduate of the antique school of the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, and has recently opened a studio in that city and commenced painting. Whether his color will ever be as good as his drawing remains to be proved; but he is an honest, hard-working artist, and will make his mark among us before many years, I am satisfied. Some of his outline-drawings are very fine, and he possesses a keen sense of the humorous, combined with a most delicate fancy and responsive pencil.

Yours, etc., W. B.

The strictures of our correspondent, D. A. C., on some remarks made by Mr. Richard Grant White at the recent Shakespeare dinner at the Century Club, have drawn forth the following note from a lady of this city:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR: A correspondent of THE ROUND TABLE, D. A. C., brought forward in the last number a passage from the second act of "Twelfth Night," in which *Duke Orsino* says to *Viola* that men's fancies are more wavering in love than women's are, as having been overlooked by Mr. Grant White in his examination of Shakespeare's works for praises of women as a sex. D. A. C. adds that

a second examination would perhaps reveal stronger reasons for the reversal of Mr. Grant White's judgment. How this may be I cannot of course pretend to say, although the gentleman in question is apt to be thorough in his investigations. But I do protest on the part of my sex against the passage in "Twelfth Night" (which is so well known that no reader of Shakespeare, much less Mr. Grant White, can be unacquainted with it) being accepted as worthy praise of woman from the world's great poet. At the very best it is what D. A. C. calls "a graceful compliment." If Shakespeare had nothing better than that to offer us in all that he wrote, he might as well have kept his little compliment to himself; and I have no doubt that Mr. White rejected it as unworthy of notice, coming as it did from a poet who could draw such characters as *Rosalind*, *Portia*, *Queen Constance*, *Cordelia*, *Miranda*, *Desdemona*, and, above all, *Imogen*. No; I think that we must yield to Mr. Grant White's decision, expressed in his "Memoirs of Shakespeare," that the poet, with the loveliest ideals of women in his mind, was soured against our sex, as a whole, by his early experience.

MAY 28, 1866.

It was not Mr. I. W. Higginson who collected the volume of sea poems entitled "Thalatta," as we announced last week in answering the query of one of our correspondents, and on what appeared to us the best of evidence, but Mr. William Henry Hurlburt, the well-known journalist of this city, and Mr., now the Rev., Samuel Longfellow, the brother of the poet.

FOREIGN.

M. GUSTAVE DORÉ is said to lament his fertility as an artist, but he declares that he has no help for it, for while he is elaborating one picture fifty others suggest themselves to him, and he is forced to put them instantly on paper; the booksellers see these sketches, and insist upon buying and publishing them. He might refuse to sell them, one would think; but, unfortunately, that way out of the difficulty does not seem to have occurred to him. The only English artist that he owns to having been benefited by is John Martin; but the English critics see, or think they see, Holman Hunt's figure of Christ appearing throughout Doré's New Testament, and they insinuate that there is a German Munchausen which contains most of the designs in Doré's edition of that world-famous mendacity.

DR. HOLMES, who we always thought was a favorite in England, is reviewed in the last number of the *Reader* in a way to make his admirers in this country open their eyes:

"Mr. Holmes, the well-known author of 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,' has collected together a number of short pieces, most of which we believe had previously seen the light, and has published them in a little volume by themselves, calling them 'Humorous Poems.' We do not think, setting the question of pecuniary compensation aside, that he has been well advised in this course. Mr. Holmes is undoubtedly possessed of considerable humor, but we question whether it displays itself to the best advantage in a metrical form; and pieces which were good enough to pass safely the friendly criticism of a friendly audience, or to relieve other matter of a different kind, show a very different front when viewed with impartial eyes, and judged solely on their isolated merits. The author would have done well to consider his own lines, for

'Nature sometimes makes one up
Of such sad odds and ends,
It really might be quite as well
Hushed up among one's friends.'

"We have already said that it is impossible to assign a reason for our adverse opinion in such a matter as this. The divine fire is wanting. We know thus much, for we are where it professes to be, and we feel no genial warmth."

The critic then becomes a little inconsistent, expressing his surprise at what the author fancies to be fun, what the publisher takes for it, and what the public give for it, admitting, however, that some pieces in the volume are calculated to make the duller grow fat, yet declaring in the same breath that none of the poems rise above mediocrity, and some fall very far below it. He quotes a stanza from one of the best known of Dr. Holmes's poems:

"Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye,
I watched that wretched man;
And since I never dare to write
As funny as I can,"

and adds:

"This explains everything, and might, if known at the start, save the reader a world of trouble. But the avowal is better late than never. We feel that at any rate the author's heart is in the right place. We cannot but think, however, that he has committed the not unnatural mistake of running into the opposite extreme, for after reading these pieces we continue well but weary."

The same number of the *Reader* is very complimentary to Mr. Bayard Taylor:

"With tastes and pursuits kindred to those of Washington Irving and Nathaniel Hawthorne, and with the same strong love of the natural beauties of his native country which gives fascination to the pages of James Fenimore

Cooper, Mr. Bayard Taylor here furnishes us with a picture of simple, unstrained, matter-of-fact, everyday life, placed among the beautiful hills and charming valleys round about his own country home, with every feature of which he claims the familiarity of an old acquaintance, and which he, from the beginning to the end of the book, makes the common property of the reader with himself. The traditions and habits of the people among whom the greater part of his life has been passed, the rustic dwellers and the legends of the country, in themselves but homespun materials for a work of fiction, in his hands have all the charm of novelty with which Goldsmith, the greatest master of the school of which Mr. Taylor is an advanced pupil, invested the everyday life of the family of the Primroses, till, in their way, 'The Story of Ken-nett' and 'The Vicar of Wakefield' may be regarded as true pictures of the simple manners and customs of rural England and America at the date in which the action of either tale is placed."

AMONG recent deaths we have to record that of Mr. Philip Stanhope Worsley, known in letters by his translation of the "Odyssey" in the Spenserian stanza, and by a volume of "Poems and Miscellaneous Translations" published some three years ago. A translation of the "Iliad" from his pen was announced some months since, but it never proceeded beyond the twelfth book. Mr. Worsley was one of the fellows of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and a very accomplished scholar. Long in ill health, he had latterly taken up his residence at Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight, not far from the residence of Tennyson, where he died on the 8th of May. Mr. Worsley is chiefly known in this country through a paragraph which traveled the rounds of our papers to the effect that he had dedicated his translation of the "Odyssey" to General Robert E. Lee, which in many quarters was an unpardonable offense. It was the subject of a page or two of Aristophanic verse in the *Nation*, by Prof. Lowell, who did himself less justice than usual.

THE authorship of "Ecce Homo," which the paragraphists laid to the charge of Mr. Vice-Chancellor Page Wood, on being denied by that gentleman, was shifted to Mr. George Waring, of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, who has denied it in turn. The mystery is still maintained, and will be, we presume, while it continues as profitable as at present.

PERSONAL.

A LATE issue of the New Orleans *Sunday Times* copies into its columns, under the heading of "Song of a Ruined Man," a poem by Mr. William Winter, originally published by him in 1860, in the first series of the *Saturday Press*. The version of the *Times* is full of blunders, not the least amusing of which is the following introduction to the poem:

"MR. EDITOR: Through the kindness of a fair friend, I have been placed in possession of a very remarkable poem, written by a dissolute young man, who died in a drunken frolic in this city. The original MS. was found on his person, after death had done its work, a copy of which was given to the friend from whom I obtained it. There is a wildness and power in it rarely to be met with, and although the name of the unfortunate author is unknown, yet no one who reads it can fail to sympathize with the mind that could conceive such thoughts, even in its degradation and dishonor."

"How many brilliant intellects have been darkened by dissipation which, under the influence of moral restraint, would have dazzled the world, and reflected undying honor on their names and country!"

"I am assured that the poem has never been published, and you will oblige me by giving it a place in your columns."

MR. F. O. C. DARLEY, the artist, has just sailed for Europe for a summer tour.

MRS. KEBLE, the widow of the poet, begged that her husband's grave might be kept open for her, as she should not be long apart from him. Her apprehension was realized, for she died on the 11th of May, at Brookside, Bournemouth, in the same house where her husband died. She was in her sixtieth year.

MR. ALEXANDER SMITH says he became a novel reader from reading the denunciation launched against novels in Todd's "Student's Manual." What led him to become a novel writer he has not stated, but it was probably the fact of his having outlived his reputation as a poet.

FRIEDRIKE BRION, the beloved of Goethe while he was a student at Strasburg, is about to have a monument erected over her grave at Meisenheim, where she passed the last days of her life.

M. EMILE AUGIER lately had the good fortune of having five thousand copies of his new comedy, "La Contagion," sold on the day of publication.

M. CATULLE MENDES, a young French poet, was recently married to Mlle. Judith Gautier, a daughter of M. Theophile Gautier, a talented young lady who translates from the Chinese, and writes criticisms on art.

BARON JAMES DE ROTHSCHILD is said to be a book

fancier, his library containing forty thousand volumes and a great many rare manuscripts.

MME. CHAMPSIEUX has just published, under the pseudonym of André Leo, a very successful novel entitled "A Divorce."

THE late Dr. Whewell, the Head Master of Trinity, left between £60,000 and £70,000 for the establishment of a professorship and studentship of international law in that college.

THE late Sheridan Knowles, the last years of whose life were spent in preaching, left a play in manuscript which will shortly be produced in London.

M. TAINE is said to have abandoned his contemplated visit to America.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MESSRS. D. APPLETON & Co. announce "Recollections of the U. S. Army," by Dr. Latimer; "Frederick the Great and his Court: a Novel;" "Constitutional History of the United States, mainly from the Speeches of Stephen A. Douglas;" "Taxation," by Sir Morton Peto; "Dana's Household Book of Poetry, with Illustrations;" "Tenney's Grammatical Analyzer;" and "Appleton's Hand-book of Travel: the Southern Tour."

MESSRS. HILTON & Co. have in the press "Agnes, the Beautiful Milliner," and "The Lady-Thief," by Ned Buntline (E. C. Z. Judson); and "The Life of Christ, from the French of M. de Pressensé," by H. L. Williams.

MR. W. I. POOLEY will soon publish "History of the Episcopal Church," by Bishop Hopkins; "The Emerald," by Epes Sargent; a translation of Renan's "Life of the Apostles;" and a fine edition of "Margaret Maitland," by Mrs. Oliphant.

MESSRS. E. P. DUTTON & Co. announce "Our Church and Her Services," by the Rev. Ashton Oxenden, edited by the Rev. F. D. Huntington, D.D.; and "Sacred Allegories," by the Rev. W. Adams, M.A.

MESSRS. JOHN E. POTTER & Co. have in preparation "History of Palestine," by John Kitto; "The Wreath of Gems," by Emily Percival; and "Pictorial Sunday Book," by Robert Sears.

MESSRS. TICKNOR & FIELDS announce "A Memoir of John Leech," by John Brown, M.D., author of "Rab and His Friends."

PROF. JOHN STUART BLACKIE announces "Homer and the Iliad," in three parts: comprising, Homeric dissertations, the "Iliad" in English verse, and commentary, philological and archaeological. Prof. Blackie's labors extend to four volumes.

MR. HENRY OTTLEY will soon publish "Modern and Living Painters: A Supplement to Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers; being a Biographical and Critical Dictionary of Recent and Living Artists, both English and Foreign."

M. DE LAMARTINE has nearly ready "Biographies of some Celebrated People."

CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON.

LONDON, May 19, 1866.

THE DERBY.

As pig resembleth pig, or Chinaman Chinaman, so is one Derby race like unto another. On Wednesday last I went for the third time in my life to witness this annual pious English feast. And although from center to horizon the plains swarmed with human beings, with wagons, carriages, horses, dogs, donkeys, gypsies, lords, blacklegs, yet I vainly looked for a single one out of all these which I had not seen on the previous Derby days. The very same greasy Joans were keeling the self-same pots; the same horrible fortune-tellers were begging to inspect the palm of your hand; the same hideous old women were selling the identical ginger-cakes; the ground was strewn with the same pieces of orange-peel; and the same armless infants, girls dancing on stilts, and the rest were all there, even to the Prince of Wales, who sat as ever before on the grand stand, with the same waistcoat, trowsers, and that hat, as last year, resuming the cigar which he had manifestly but half smoked the preceding year. So horrible was the cram and crush, so sickening the smell (for Derby day has a smell of its own as much as a civet cat), that I could not remain to see the Derby race, which was to take place at three o'clock, but started off at half-past two to return to London. On my way back—I was walking—I met an almost endless procession of carriages and wagons full of human beings, toiling after the Derby as some men toil for virtue. Of these thousands I was the only one who was going away from the spot where the

mighty Epsom race, involving hundreds of thousands of pounds, nay, brings even ruin or fortune to many in both England and France—the race for which Parliament adjourns—was in a few moments to occur. And as they passed they all paid their respects to me. Those on the first few wagons only stared. The next muttered their curiosity. Further on some fellow called out, "Good Lord, Bill, 'ere's a fellow agoin' t'other way!" Whereat Bill (I suppose it was he) cries out, "'Ello! you're goin' the wrong way to the Derby." I passed on in silence. The last of the procession were cabs, and each supposed that I was turning back for want of a vehicle and offered to take me on. And now I was pursued by confused voices. I began to feel like a martyr or like the youth climbing the mountain with the demons yelling after him, and who knew that if he turned and answered he would be turned into a black stone. I resolved not to be like the swarm of black pebbles yonder, and kept on. At last I arrived at the railway station. There would be no train till after the Derby, to which all hands had gone except one fellow, very mad because he could not go. He, shocked at seeing a human being away from the race-course at such a moment, asked me what was the matter. "Nothing." "Ain't you going to the Derby?" "I have seen it." "What! it ain't over yet, is it?" "No; but I saw it last year." The fellow stared, evidently questioning whether I was a lunatic, or whether I meant to insult him; a question which I am sure he has not yet decided.

At last the race is over; the crowd begins to move in the distance, like Burnham wood toward Dunsinane; and at last I hear borne down to my solitary place a roar as of a coming flood. Then there is the whirr of wheels; then voices crying "Lord Lyon! Lord Lyon!" It is not the late English minister at Washington; it is the favorite who has won the Derby. Then comes in the crowd—nay, reels in—tipsy, excited, swearing, trampling one upon another, each trying for the first seat in the train. And as we go swiftly homeward there are on one side besotted men, muttering oaths, and there are besotted men singing "Slap, bang, here we are again." Those have lost, these have won. But that night I conclude that one always loses who goes to the Derby—a day at least.

UTILIZATION.

The great idea of the day is utilization. To make chimneys burn their smoke; to make rivers yield their impurities not to the sea, but to the shore, to be transmuted to grass and corn—these, now in practical operation, were but forerunners of what must be the general method of the future with all that our ignorance esteems to be evil. The farmers now say that moles are not so black as they are painted; and they are buying up toads in the botanic and other gardens for insecticidal purposes. Lately the press—whose many eyes Argus did but faintly prefigure—peering about everywhere, has come across a gigantic piece of waste, which has lasted ever since Britannia began to rule the waves. It is the "Queen's tobacco pipe." Do not start. Her Majesty smokes this pipe not as a woman, but as a queen. In an article on the "London Docks" the *Railway News* made the following statement:

"In a corner of the vast tobacco warehouse is a peculiar institution, officially designated the 'kilm,' as is indicated by rude lettering on the door with the initials 'V. R.' and a clumsy drawing of a regal crown. The outer door unlocked and its massive iron bars removed, access is obtained to a gloomy space in which quantities of spoiled tobacco, cigars, tea, and contraband goods are waiting the next lighting of the 'Queen's pipe.' The pipe occupies the center of the space, and consists of a circular brick-stall, kiln-shaped at the bottom, and about five feet diameter within. A side door, lettered 'V. R.,' the kiln, gives access to the interior. By this opening the tobacco, cigars, etc., are thrown into the kiln upon a fire placed at the bottom. The last time her Majesty's pipe was lit it consumed 8 cwt. of cigars, and the time before that 80 tons of tea. Waiting a future lighting of the pipe are a number of very valuable books, all destined to destruction for attempted evasions of the customs or copyright acts."

Of course a loud cry was raised after this announcement that these confiscated articles should be utilized instead of being burnt. Here are a million smokers ready to pay a good price for tobacco whose position shows it to have been a genuine importation; and here are libraries waiting for the books. The above is a text which Wendell Phillips may handle with good effect in these days when you seem, in America, to be finding no better use for so much two-footed brute-power, so much sinew and brain, than to return it to the elements by way of the scaffold. Napoleon used to transfer the criminals from prisons to the front of his army. It is rather a barbarous fact that whilst we can utilize sewage we cannot utilize human sewage. But they are, in this country, coming to it by sure steps. Fifty years ago, ac-

cording to the English law one hundred and sixty different offenses were punishable by instant death—now there is only one. It is now shown plainly that the majority of the above crimes are not so common as when they were punishable with death. Punishment has become more certain as it has become more mild. It is never safe to have punishments which shock the best-hearted men and women of a community. Blackstone says, "Though the end of punishment is to deter [men] from offending, it can never follow from thence that it is lawful to deter them at any rate or by any means."

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Trübner has published here "Venetian Life," by W. D. Howells, which is destined, I believe, to find a good reception, as being the best book on its subject. It will, as one of his English critics remarks, be "particularly acceptable to people in general whose sympathies and interests are chiefly with and for the common things of other countries as well as their own." I remember well to have seen our young consul at Venice whilst he was patiently studying at first hand the history, the literature, and the art of old and of modern Venice, and to have perceived that he was the best representative of what may be called "Venetian culture" now living—Adolphus Trollope not excepted. Howells is in this book poetic, but never fanciful; he is never a romanticist, though able to interpret every old fact; and he is ever a lover of truth.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean reappeared in London on the evening before the last, after their three years' absence, as *Cardinal Wolsey* and *Queen Katharine* in "King Henry VIII." They had an immense audience at the Princess's and a brilliant reception. Their acting is decidedly improved. (It does English actors much good to go away for a time.) After the curtain had fallen, Mr. Kean and his wife were called, and Mr. Kean responded in this little speech:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I would fain say a few words, but my strong emotion quite overpowers me. During our three years' absence we have traveled thousands of miles, and have been exposed to many dangers by land and by sea; but in storm or sunshine, in the hour of peril or in the day of success, one thought has ever been present to my wife and myself, and that thought was home—home, the residence of the heart. With the blessing of Providence, we find ourselves again in England and on the very spot of my past and well-loved labors, surrounded by kind and dear friends, whose affectionate greeting makes us indeed feel that we are once more at home."

Thomas Hughes went into the Workingmen's College recently and found the "trainer" knocking about the young boxers whom he was instructing with needless violence—so much so that they were irritated and refused to box with him. Tom Brown, whom the trainer did not know, asked to have a turn, and in a moment felled his man. The trainer arose very red and angry, and Hughes, quietly remarking that he hoped he would remember it when he was next boxing with the students, left.

It is her Majesty's intention to create his Royal Highness Prince Alfred a peer of the realm, under the titles of Duke of Edinburgh and Earl of Kent. His Royal Highness will most probably take his seat in the House of Lords on Thursday, the 24th of May, her Majesty's birthday.

Amongst the interested visitors at the Royal Academy to-day was Miss Louisa Alcott, the accomplished American authoress. M. D. C.

BOSTON.

Boston, June 9, 1866.

THE publishers tell us that they are now selling the eighteenth thousand of "Snow-Bound," a pretty good proof that a poem, without being striking, when it comes from a favorite poet and displays sentiments that everybody understands, can command extensive circulation. We ourselves cannot perhaps comprehend just what Whittier is as well as the foreigner. They say in London he smells of the Yankee soil, with the wine of fancy poured over it. We may feel this rather than see it. We do see the sandy footprints he is making, and ask whether they will, as Tennyson says, "harden into stone?"

Whittier has been long before us; for many years he enunciated chiefly unpopular views; he mistook, as Lowell tells him, excitement for inspiration, and that the worse kind of excitement, being political. At the same time he was showing to us the genuine poet's birthright in touching our hearts; and, knowing that however politics and the heads of two ages may vary, the heart of man remains always much the same, and seeing that at this day he sits high in all the people's hearts, making them rather than the stump his throne, we have some hopes of his reaching another age. He has in one re-

spect a chance over Longfellow, I think, in that he has fewer conceits, though his similes may not always be so well worked up. He would not spoil a poem, for instance, by a pedantic reference, like that to Barmecide in one of Longfellow's recent sonnets. He puts vigor in the place of the other's dainty manipulation of a subject. He has but little of Longfellow's exquisiteness; he cannot match him in dexterity; he is in no manner so touchstone-like, does not project himself so happily into extraneous conditions; in fine, is not so multifarious. But he is more hearty and, consequently, less even, for the heart, as a literary agent, is more capricious than the head. Pure brain-work, it is true, may depend on the stomach more than the heart, but the affections have their fickle shadows. Head-work, purely such, is more even than heart-work, as routine is a thing of the mind, and it will work often independent of the occasion. Heart-work is liable to chills, and even its excitement forgets rules, and fervor will cover defects from the eye that plans them, but not from the one that judges them. So Whittier is uneven. The "Atlantic," in May, gave place to some of his verses that are the veriest prose.

We are at our best in having two so different orders of the poetic genius as Longfellow's and Whittier's; and, as Goethe said when they brought to his attention the quarrels they were raising over his or Schiller's relative supremacy, it were much better to be thankful for both.

This, doubtless, concerns us more than whether the one or the other will live beyond our day. Both are now popular, certainly. The eagerness with which the new Dante is awaited is only such as comes from sympathy, far more with the translator than with the original. The sale of this last poem of Whittier's shows the hold the Quaker poet has on the community; and this he retains with little or none of that jockeying which Dr. Holmes seems to be now practicing, after having preached it. Whittier is not chary of showing the paces of his Pegasus. He is the most ready of poets on all occasions; and seems to scout the idea that interest is to be kept up by making the public long for you. Goethe was accused latterly in his life of indulging in the incomprehensible in his poems, to provoke discussion and insure a continued regard by the device. Whittier has no such trick; nor indeed has Longfellow.

It takes Emerson to unite this to a most magnificent degree of flippancy; indeed, is not there something superb about this quality in our Concord seer? It is genius itself; quite another thing from your everyday sort of assurance, and illustrative of the old step—reversed this time—from the ridiculous to the sublime. Southey was a man whose learning even Mr. Emerson could throw little light upon; who wrote an English style that was workmanlike and not piecemeal; whose poetry if not great had some regard for rhythm and rhyme; and yet a certain man asks, in supreme mock-ignorance, "Who is Southey?" That is what I call magnificent flippancy; or, may be, the transcendental way of indulging in that little vice; or, possibly, a startling project to incite attention. Emerson in some of his vagaries never fails to remind one of those biological peripatetics who are the wonder of gaping village lyceums and propound theories on a small basis of natural law, and top them off with an amazing degree of humbuggery.

Whittier's fame is at least an honest one, though he may mistake it. Heine wanted a sword on his tomb rather than a lyre; it is the symbol of the poet we value now in connection with his name. Rickett's muse ran into political furies when he was young, but he outgrew them; and Bayard Taylor, who is, I hear, to give us some personal reminiscences and an estimate of this lately deceased German bard in the "Atlantic" shortly, will doubtless tell us a story of the poet rather than the politician. So I think Whittier's "national lyrics," as the publishers style the selection of this sort which they have embodied in their "Companion Poets," are not as a class those upon which his fame is in the end to rest. They have served their purpose to foster political passions; they have even done more, and heightened the nation's heart and warmed anew the dormant patriotism of the time; but it is the poetry and not the opportune passion of them that pleases even now. Longfellow has been far more discreet, not to say circumspect. His political affiliations are not concealed; but he gives them small utterance in his muse. Early in his career he printed a few poems on slavery; but he has hardly touched the tender spot since. A humane man, he did not let his humanity run away with his Pegasus, as Whittier has, and has doubtless gained a vantage-ground by it. What Whittier has gained has been in spite of it.

In running over the list of new volumes of poems which the past season has brought out from the Boston publishers—speaking in no way of the reprints from the

English—I find variety, at least. Mr. Calvert's volume may be passed by as showing how a book can emanate from a bookish man, and be all bookish and experience an almost utter want of sympathy. Mr. Brownell is quite the reverse. Had he been more bookish, he might have possessed that nameless grace of culture without which strength and purpose will not always avail. Mr. Aldrich may be put between the two. He has the grace of study well assimilated and the freshness of a poetic sense stirred to emitting sweet odors by his own experience. In Saxe we have something very different. In popularity, as gauged by the sale, he will probably outrank the others joined, and only fall short of Whittier. Where Brownell makes us critical, Aldrich gives us a sensation of delight, and Saxe amuses us, "Snow-Bound" allures us like a pleasant memory.

Bürger, the German balladist, claimed that popularity in a poem is a test of merit; but, in a general sense, Carlyle is nearer right in saying that it is no test of such, but a probability in that direction. In mere ballads the rule of Bürger, as he himself found it, may be allowed. "Maud Müller" and "Barbara Frietchie" were the proper elements to test in this crucible, and they stood the test well. Mr. Aldrich's "Judith" is not to be so decided upon; though his "Babie Belle" is fit for it.

It is the difference between reputation and popularity; and poets sometimes have queerer experience than they would in the capricious dovetailing of the two about their names. Campbell tried for a long while to find a publisher for his "Hope," and when it achieved its popularity he was sorely vexed to think the world was going to remember him by that before his "Gertrude," and, to follow him to the next world, his literary executors recorded the popular and not the reputable production in his epitaph. So Douglas Jerrold was almost indignant at the success of his "Black-Eyed Susan" and his "Candle Lectures," when the world was forgetting what he knew he had done of greater value. Popularity is too much for reputation, usually, while the author lives. I take it, it is not "Excelsior" nor the "Psalm of Life," that are Longfellow's most reputable poems, whatever the popular fashion that has attended him have decided. If Saxe outruns Lowell in the sympathies of the commonalty, it is because the two divine differently the supreme good in the world's regard. One likes the incense of the hour from whatever class may be inclined to buy him; the other would rather be reputable; or perhaps it would be better to say, both are as they are because their natures prompt them. I am not inclined to put the two in a balance for estimation. We need them both.

It is somewhat significant that Horace is the one of the ancient poets that can be quoted eternally and with constant acceptance in the British House of Commons. Any platitude or commonplace of sentiment can be dignified by a brief and pat rendering of the thought from the Roman satirist. The round Latin is a wonderful charmer. Even Stephenson when he was telling Parliament the future of locomotives, and they were sneering at him as a monomaniac, could probably have carried the day with a citation from an Horatian ode. It is something like their toadying a lord if he happens to make a hit. Blood is a presumption in its own favor, and the drippings of the Horatian muse will find applause from the benches that Burke was fated to empty. That is something between popularity and reputation. Peter Pindar when the government was buying him off was popular. Tupper is popular; but Wordsworth could not find a purchaser of his poems in his native Cumberland. Hazlitt thought not one in ten in England ever heard of Shakespeare. Hawthorne, who had known what it was to be neglected, when he found himself a name was easily convinced how narrow the sphere of even his recognition. When somebody at a hotel in Weimar inquired for the house of the poet Goethe, they asked him if he meant the Counselor von Goethe; and when another in Fontenelle's day asked in Paris for his house, not a soul for a long time could be found who ever heard of him. So much for standing upon the pedestal of fame instead of the bare back of some hippodrome Pegasus. The fashion of popularity has its currents, setting in this way or that. In Paris it is the photographs of actors and singers and ballet-dancers that glut the market; in London it is the novelists, Dickens and the rest.

Hartley Coleridge says that popularity is a much better earnest of fame than reputation is. In other words, what touches the sensational mass to-day rather than the judicial few, is more likely to be sustained in the final award of posterity. This judgment may not be wrong; and in pursuance of it we should have to pronounce Longfellow a surer candidate for fame than any

of his compeers. But human foresight is uncertain, and rules have their exceptions. Our present divination may be absurd to no distant generation.

The books of the week are, first, a little volume, "Why Not? a Book for Every Woman," this sensational title covering a treatise on what its author, the younger Dr. Storer of this city, deems a growing evil productive of all sorts of miseries, and sadly interfering with the increase of population. The book, doubtless, has much sound sense; but its repetitious style and an occasional *Galene* sort of mystery, not to say muddiness, is too like the common run of the cautionary volumes on similar subjects to be altogether worthy of the American Medical Association, who publish it as a prize essay, and as they voted on its fitness to do good, the unprofessional critic will not gainsay it. Second, there comes from Gould & Lincoln a volume of sermons preached during the war by the Rev. Dr. George B. Ide, called "Battle Echoes," and the author professes to be led to their publication by a fear that we do not remember as we ought, and as we at the time felt, the interference of the Deity in our national affairs; and in the hope of preventing any lapse from this confidence which the war engendered, he sends forth his present volume. The scope of the sermons is easily seen from a few of the captions: "The war for the Union a righteous war," "Reasons for grateful confidence," "Pious men the nation's hope," "One day and its work," etc. Of this, as well of the third book, Carleton's "Four Years of Fighting" (Ticknor & Fields), which makes a handsome octavo, I must speak again. W.

PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, June 4, 1866.

Two new specimens of handsome typography are to be added to the by no means brief list of Philadelphia publications. One of these, of which only one hundred and fifty copies have been printed, does credit to the press of Henry B. Ashmead, a printer who aims at successful rivalry with Alvord, of New York, and the Riverside and University presses, of Cambridge. It is an octavo volume of poems, moral, religious, and miscellaneous, by O. D. Martin, a comparatively young *littérateur*, whose adaptation for juvenile reading of "The Wooing of Master Fox," by Bulwer, was noticed in THE ROUND TABLE some months ago. Had Mr. Martin been compelled to write it is probable that he would have been well known to fame, but he has rather dallied with Euterpe, the muse of lyric poetry, than actually won her. In magazines and newspapers many of his compositions have appeared—admired, it might have been, for the moment; clipped out to be gummed into ladies' albums; every now and then repeated in the poet's corner of distant journals; and occasionally adopted, as unclaimed waifs, by some of the unscrupulous persons who endeavor to obtain literary reputation by affixing their own signatures to unclaimed poetical pieces. So, the real author is sometimes driven into collecting his occasional poems and making a book of them. In Mr. Martin's case it may be his last as well as first book of poems, for his health is far from good; but there are thoughts on these pages which show him to possess fancy, tenderness, earnestness, and no small power of expression.

The other book, old-fashioned English type impressed on the smoothest and thickest of tinted paper, the title-page showing a contrast of black and red, is small quarto in size, and bears the imprint of King & Baird, and the title of "Triunfo." This is the name of a silver mining company whose working locality is in the southern part of Lower California, and one of the numerous illustrations is a portrait of Senor Gilbert (pronounced *Hevair*), governor of that Mexican province. Mr. L. Montgomery Bond, of Philadelphia, a wealthy and intelligent gentleman, being president of the Triunfo Silver Mining and Commercial Company, of Lower California, went to the place itself to see the mines and examine the country, and his report, not only on these but on the mineral wealth of the province itself, reads like a very entertaining book of travels. The noticeable thing is that the company should have gone to the expense of bringing it out in all the glory of typographical beauty. It is crowded, too, with maps, plans, and views. There are maps of the Triunfo Silver Mines and Triunfo city; plans of openings on two of the mines; the portrait of Governor Gilbert, already mentioned; and several views of the mines executed in chromo-lithography, which, though executed in Philadelphia, have a quaint and primitive look of colored designs, hard and bright-colored, from the "prentice hand" of Mexican surveyors. As by far the most singular business publication ever issued here, and sufficiently peculiar to find a place among curiosities of literature in a library, I have noticed it here.

Mr. P. F. Rothermel, confessedly the best historical

painter and finest colorist in Pennsylvania, is to execute the great picture commemorating the battle of Gettysburg (the three days' contest in the late civil war), which is to be placed in the capitol at Harrisburg, the legislative capital of the state. The sum of \$25,000, or thereabouts, is appropriated to pay for this picture. When first announced, some of the young artists appeared desirous of having the commission awarded by competition—which is not usually the best way of securing the best work of art—but the impression gradually gained strength that Mr. Rothermel would and ought to be the painter. A committee decided in the affirmative, and it is admitted now that their selection was judicious. It may be said, "Twenty-five thousand dollars for a bit of painted canvas!" There must be put down, as an offset, the time to be devoted to this one picture, most probably to the neglect of all other commissions, which makes a heavy drawback when the artist is popular and obtains his own prices for whatever he chooses to sell. Then there must be much labor bestowed upon visits to the scene which he has to paint, in order to select the ground and sketch the surrounding scenery. There are the expenses of travel and of living on these excursions, in addition to the ordinary current cost of family living. There must be some wear and tear of mind, for the artist will be full of Gettysburg from the commencement to the completion of his work. There must be a good deal of portrait-painting, too, for authentic likenesses of the heroic leaders and others in the great war incident he has to represent will certainly be expected. Mr. Rothermel, who is only forty-nine years old, has studied in Europe, and has seen all the great battle-pieces there, which is another advantage. He was originally a land surveyor—so that he can see Gettysburg with a professional eye—but has had twenty-five years' practice and reputation as an historical painter.

It can scarcely be out of place here to mention that the present annual exhibition of our Academy of the Fine Arts not having been so successful as usual, some of the academicians are dissatisfied. The cause of this falling off in popularity was pointed out, with perfect fairness, in THE ROUND TABLE, in another New York paper, and in one of the Philadelphia evening journals—each critic, however differing in their relative estimate of such and such pictures, having arrived at the same conclusions, that pictures by our own (that is, Pennsylvania and especially Philadelphia) artists were not fairly treated, in several instances, by the hanging committee, who gave excellent places not only to New York works of art, but to European pictures which had been exhibited in shop-windows, in sale-galleries, at previous exhibitions, and in the auction-room when put up under the hammer, and that other foreign paintings obtained good places, in consequence of promises made to their owners that they should be thus favored, if sent to the academy's annual exhibition. The gravamen of the charge was that good original works, expressly painted by local artists, should have been hung in bad places, while foreign pictures, with which the public eye had become familiarized, should have obtained the places of honor. The academicians lately had a discussion, at a special meeting, the result of which was the appointment of a small committee, whose duty will be to ascertain from the conductors of THE ROUND TABLE and the two other journals whether their respective criticisms had been written with the assistance or connivance, or at request, of any artist or artists. In the event of a report in the affirmative, the artist or artists declared to have thus assisted or invoked the criticisms complained of to be tabooed by the Academy as pariahs of the palette! This may appear ridiculous—as it is; but it is true, though the appointed committee of three will scarcely go to the length of presenting themselves at the door of your editorial sanctum with the solemn purpose, like so many inquisitors, of putting you to the question. It is said now that the appointment of the committee was a mere joke, but the artists who proposed such a step were very much in earnest.

The Philadelphia Artists' Fund Society are proceeding with the erection of their exhibition rooms and gallery, nearly opposite the Mint, in Chestnut Street. The Artists' Sketch Club, which had a very good exhibition some months ago, will soon begin the construction of their gallery, to which will be attached a suite of convenient artists' studios, each with the desired northern light. If the notion of parting with the present exhibition building of the Academy of Fine Arts and erecting a new academy in Broad Street should not be carried out, it is proposed to enlarge the present building—which can easily be done—laterally, and this will not involve much expenditure. As a school of instruction our Academy of the Fine Arts is undeniably performing its mission.

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